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DOCTOR SCHMUCKER'S "HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THERE are two classes of persons who should never undertake to write a book; those who, through ignorance, cannot treat the subject truthfully, and those whose prejudices are so unrestrained or unabated as to render them unfit judges of the acts or intentions which they undertake to examine. True as this is, there are none of those concerned in this book-making who will believe themselves incompetent to their assumed task, and as for the prejudiced, 'twere more than useless to undertake to show them their error. Since then, as the song says, "people will talk," so will people write. The only remedy left is for the lovers of truth to show up and unmask the vendors or concoctors of falsehood. The more cloth in the gentleman's dress undertaking to propagate these falsehoods, the more necessary to expose him. If this age be one in which the press is a power for evil, it is no less true to say that it can be and is made, to a considerable extent, the agent of much

good. These prefatory remarks lead us to say something about a book lately placed in our hands by an enterprising agent. The volume upon which we propose to devote a few moments' notice is "The History of all Religions," by Samuel M. Schmucker, LL.D., and revised and enlarged by Charles Drew. We must acknowledge our ignorance to the extent of being unacquainted, either directly or indirectly, with either one or the other gentleman. It will not then be inferred that in reviewing a portion of their work we have any personal spleen to gratify.

As Mr. Drew bears no titles, we will suppose him one of the ordinary mortals who take their facts from some admired minister, and we will equally suppose Samuel M. Schmucker to be one of the uninitiated, though from his language and style he might be taken for a preacher who knows enough of the Scriptures to misapply them, and too little of truth to tell enough of it.

Mr. Schmucker is evidently impressed with the importance of the task he has accomplished, for he says in the preface that "the smaller works which have appeared on this subject (all religions) are superficial and incomplete;" hence we are left to infer that his book is neither superficial nor incomplete. He moreover adds that the works which have preceded his "are entirely unfit to convey even to the general reader a satisfactory idea of the various subjects which come under consideration." We may then in all justice, expect a "satisfactory idea" of all religions after having read Messrs. Schmucker and Drew's work on the subject.

The publishers (Quaker City Publishing House) with a generosity which does them credit, and a simplicity which in the very outset excuses them, tell us it is their wish "that the work will long continue a *standard* authority, and be a *blessing* to mankind." We can easily understand how anxious the publishers are that the book shall continue a standard (?), but we are too dull to comprehend how an uncommon number of lies condensed into a very small volume can ever be a blessing to mankind. Possibly the blessing may be in disguise. In this case we cannot be expected to see it.

Having thus treated of the book, its compilers and publishers "*in globo*," let us be permitted to notice but one article, the first in the book, "The Roman Catholic Church." The opening sentence reads: "The career of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States commenced in the winter of 1633, when Lord Baltimore landed with a number of immigrants near the mouth of the river Potomac, in Maryland." Now, in one sense the above may be tolerated as correct, though it really is not so. In 1633 there was no United States, neither Maryland nor Florida being any-

thing more than a European dependency, so that it would be more true, and more just to Catholics, to say that Catholicity commenced in what is now called the United States, as early as 1565, when the city of St. Augustine was founded. True, Protestants had been sent out in 1562 and 1564, but neither of these colonies founded anything. What makes us notice this opening paragraph is that it terminates with the following: "*Contemporary with the founding of the colony were also the introduction and establishment of the Catholic Church and religion.*" The italics are ours. Can any one explain to us the difference to be made between the Catholic Church and religion, or does Mr. Schmucker or his reviser, Mr. Drew, mean that the one could have been introduced without the other?

In a moment of forgetfulness Mr. Schmucker allows a line of truth to escape from his pen, for he tells us in the second paragraph that "the Colony of Maryland was governed by laws of the most liberal description." But he soon awakens from this momentary truthful mood, and tells us as a set-off, "This policy is in strange contrast with the course followed by this Church (the Catholic), which in general is very jealous of other denominations, and it is in direct conflict with the decrees of the Council of Lateran, *which goes so far as to enjoin as a duty the extermination of heretics.*"

This will be an agreeable morsel for the country folk, but fortunately or unfortunately, this is not history. If Messrs. Schmucker and Drew, or either will show us the exact part of the regulations issued by the Council of Lateran, making it "a duty" to exterminate heretics, we shall have learned something which a diligent search has failed to discover to us.

We know so little of Mr.

Schmucker and his associate that they may both be dead by this time. We hope not, for the former needs to make satisfaction, and the latter has still room for revising the work which is to prove "a blessing."

Next comes the information that "Protestants gradually and without resistance withdrew from them (the Catholics) the authority of the State (Md.), constituted a majority of voters, and divorced the administration of the colony from the possession and supremacy of its original holders." This is a very mild way of covering up circumstances related by various historians in the following manner: "In 1688, William III assumed the government; which, however, was restored to the Calvert family twenty-seven years later." (Lip. Pron. Gaz. of the World.) People do not usually have *restored* to them what was rightfully taken away. Says Zell's Encyclopædia: "In 1642, fresh difficulties supervened from the introduction of the Puritan element into the province, in the shape of a body of non-conformists, who had been exiled from Virginia. The latter, true to their natural instincts of bigotry and intolerance, soon manifested a spirit of insubordination toward the executive of their newly adopted country. Clayborne also returned from Virginia, and uniting with the malcontents, succeeded in temporarily subverting the governmental authority, and made themselves masters of the province in 1644." And so this authority goes on to show how willingly the Catholics consented to become subservient to the new-comers. Goodrich, who never tells the truth about Catholics when he can in any way dodge it, says emphatically: "And while these benign laws (of Maryland) lasted, the colony was blessed with health, peace, and prosperity, and increased rapidly in wealth and population. The English government set aside

the charter of the colony in 1688, but restored it in 1716."

These statements, made by Protestant authorities, do not entirely coincide with Mr. Schmucker's version.

Again, the learned gentleman has a good word to say for the early missionaries of the Catholic Church, and winds up the compliment in his usual way by falsehood and insult. Having in a few lines spoken of Allouez, Marquette, Menan, Father Former, Father Rasle, Cardinal Cheverus, he goes on to tell us something of Bishops Carroll and England, closing the sentence with an allusion to Archbishop Hughes, as compared with Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. "Another very able Catholic prelate, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, formerly Bishop of this (Phila.) diocese, was a man of more profound and extensive erudition than Dr. Hughes, and occupies an equally elevated position in the Church; but was his inferior in popular eloquence, *in dexterity and craft, and in the efficiency with which he promotes the interests and extension of his Church.*" We would here be led to believe Archbishop Hughes a man who could strike a bargain over some political carrion, close his eye, or lower his pastoral staff to suit the circumstances. Yet, who that knew Archbishop Hughes, or that has read any of his speeches, but knows that the very contrary was the fact. Archbishop Kenrick was more retired in his habits, and more learned than the "man who fought for his rights, while others were content to pray for them," but neither was crafty, for neither had a drop of deception in his nature.

Not being a theologian, it would be improper for us to undertake a refutation of our author's views on the most Blessed Virgin. We may say though, in passing, that it would require less knowledge of

etiquette than the writer of a work on "all religions" should possess to make him understand that the feelings, not to speak of the belief of Catholics, deserve more respectful treatment than he has given to a subject dear to every Catholic heart.

"Roman Catholics," says Mr. Schmucker, "believe that the Church is entitled to absolute obedience from her members, and of course, in this connection, obedience to the Church means obedience to the priesthood—for who ever heard of the priesthood obeying the laity?" If he means in doctrinal points, for once he is right. Catholic laymen however learned do not dictate to priests, to whom they are obedient so far as to accept from them instruction, so long as this instruction be declared sound, by the proper authorities, who are neither simple priests nor laymen. "The Protestant answers, in fact, that the history of the Church proves that there has been as much disunion and difference of belief among Catholics as among other religionists; and that this results from the fundamental laws of the human mind, which lead to differences of opinion in spite of all authority." Apart from the mere assertion of Dr. Schmucker, we see no authority for his wholesale assumption. In the first place, no one who knows that truth cannot be multiform can fail to admit that it must necessarily be absolute, leaving no room for differences, not in opinion, but in belief. In matters of opinion only, there have been, and still are many different views entertained, but where the truth has been definitely proclaimed, the human mind has nothing left to do, save to submit to the expression of the divine. Truth being one and perfect, can only proceed from the great one and perfect spirit, which cannot possibly suit its immutable decrees to what this author is pleased to call

"the fundamental laws of the human mind."

Dr. Schmucker is not only no philosopher, he is not even as well posted on the very simplest elements of Catholic doctrine as a child seven years old should be.

"The most important of these (seven) sacraments," says the Doctor, "in the estimation of the laity, is the *Eucharist or Lord's Supper*." Now, there is not a Catholic whose instruction has not been as grossly neglected as the Doctor's appears to have been, who does not know that in the estimation of clergy and laity, the most important sacrament is not the Eucharist, but Baptism. "Catholics believe," he continues, "that the bread or wafer, after being consecrated by the officiating priest, is the body, blood, and divinity of Christ, *and that, as there are at one single period of time myriads of consecrated wafers distributed over various countries of the earth, the body of Christ is necessarily divided and subdivided into an infinite number of portions, and received by the faithful everywhere, while at the same time that body remains unmutilated in heaven*." Our readers must pardon us for having taken the trouble to give the above in full. This alone will suffice to show how utterly ignorant Dr. Schmucker is of the elements of Catholic doctrine about which he attempts to write. The smallest child knows that we believe nothing of the kind, and here, again, the Doctor's ignorance is the only explanation that can be given for his sending forth to the public in a *standard* work such wholesale inconsistencies.

Next taking up the Sacrament of Penance, the learned Doctor says: "It is the popular notion that Catholic priests claim the power absolutely to forgive sins, but though the laity may entertain this opinion, the Church herself does not teach it." The above will be

quite entertaining to priest and layman, we are sure. If the Doctor means that on the authority of this text, "Confess your sins to one another," the confessional is based, he is very far from the mark. Perhaps the gentleman forgets that our Saviour has said to his apostles: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." Of the many excellent physicians we have known, and still do know, there are few, if any, who can cure disease without being first made acquainted with its symptoms, through the declarations of the patient when the malady is internal, or by actual observation if the malady be external; and frequently both the declaration of the patient and an actual examination by the physician are necessary. Precisely so is it with the Catholic idea of Penance as a sacrament. That the priest may forgive or retain, he must know what is to be forgiven or retained, and how is he to know this, if not by confession. Had God so desired, he could certainly have given some means other than those we have for the cure of our bodily woes; not having done so, we must employ such as are at our command. The same holds good in the case of confession. The avowal of disease and the confession of faults are certainly disagreeable to nature, but who would enter heavenly mansions must first prove himself superior to nature.

Of indulgences Mr. Schmucker is pleased to say: "Sometimes the priest sees fit to relax the rigor of the Church, and remit a portion of the penance or satisfaction which would otherwise be enjoined." It will be something new for Catholics to learn that priests grant indulgences, and still more startling that Tetzel sold them! If we are right, it seems to us that what cannot be bought cannot be sold.

Indulgences are a part of the treasure of the Church, and her treasures come from the merits of Christ.

There would be much more truth, or rather much less novelty in the assertion that no one believed more practically in *indulgences* than Luther. He indulged in the luxury of a wife after having sworn perpetual chastity, as had also done his partner. If history be correct, he even believed in such *indulgence* before his legal marriage, a child having been born quite soon after the public union of Brother Martin and Sister Bora. (See Spalding's Reformation.)

Towards the end of his article on the Roman Catholic Church the Doctor grows bolder with impunity and flatly declares, "Yet the Popes have frequently granted dispensations for divorces, whenever the interests of the Church were promoted by them, thus *apparently* making a fundamental law and principle subservient to interest." Can any one explain to us how the interests of the Church were to be subserved by a removal of one of her most stringent regulations, and the destruction of one of her strongest claims on the gratitude of society, for our intelligence is unable to see the circumstances which could bring about so undesirable a revolution. Was it because the interest of the Church was to be subserved that sooner than gratify a king whose passions subverted his reason, she preferred to allow one of her finest provinces to be separated from her authority? If there be one glory of which the Church cannot be deprived it is her protection against crowned heads of the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie.

In the closing paragraph of the article we are gravely told "that the mass is so called from the words *Ite, Missa est.*" (Depart, Mass is finished.)

This is just about as good a rea-

son as it would be to say that the trumpet is so called, because the Scriptures tell us the Angel Gabriel will blow such an instrument on the fatal day when those who have sinned (by writing?) through ignorance, shall not escape, and those who with knowledge, have still failed, unless they too do penance, shall be beaten with many stripes.

At this season, when gifts of useful and agreeable articles are in order, we think nothing more suitable could be presented to Dr. Schmucker, if still alive, than a small volume known in Catholic schools as "Butler's Doctrinal and Scriptural Catechism," in which he will find much he claims to be ignorant of, for we do not suppose he lies wilfully. One improvement might be made on the commandments as given in the ordinary editions of Butler, we mean the type in which the eighth commandment is printed. This precept, to suit the Doctor, should be shown in large letters. Or, if it would hurt him to be seen with such a volume in his hand, we would suggest the propriety of presenting him with a copy of "The Maxims of La Rochefoucauld." In these excellent sayings he would find much to cure the conceit which induced him to write

his "History of all Religions." He would learn what we almost fear is true in his case, "Sincerity is an openness of heart which is rarely to be found. That which commonly personates it, is a refined dissimulation, whose end is to procure confidence."

There is little to be said about Mr. Drew's share in the compilation which has attracted our attention. We can blame the laborer who will not work at an honest occupation for a livelihood, but we have no more feeling than that of pity for any one who can find nothing more intelligent to call for his revision than a work which, however small it was before the "enlargement," still contained by very many more pages than would be required to reproduce all the truth which finds its way through the abounding matter of an opposite nature.

It may be the gentleman's tastes that *drew* him towards the questionable work he undertook to revise; if so, we also have a sentence from the "Maxims" which will suit him: we commend it to his consideration, but request him not to *revise* it: "We cannot bear to be deceived by our enemies, and betrayed by our friends; yet are we content to be so served by ourselves."

A MARRIAGE-TABLE.

THERE was a marriage-table where One sat,
 Meek and unnoticed, till they asked his aid—
 Thenceforth it truly seems that he has made
 All virtuous marriage-tables consecrate:
 Therefore at this, where, without pomp or state
 We sit, and only say, or, mute, are fain
 To smile the simple words: "God bless these twain!"
 I think that One, who "in the midst" doth wait
 Ofttimes, would not abjure our prayerful cheer,
 But as at Cana, list with gracious ear
 To us, beseeching; that the Love divine
 Will ever at their household-table sit,
 Make all his servants who encompass it,
 And turn life's bitterest waters into wine.

THE SHEPHERDS' FEAST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THIS night in starry, sweet-breathed Genoa,
This Christmas Eve in Genoa, the fair ;
Fair, even through the veil of dim despair
Which later lawless years have roughly spread
Over the glory of her classic head—
This Christmas Eve in bay-bound Genoa,
While silver bells are swinging thro' the hush
Of holy midnight, and the city swarms
Unto the midnight Mass—(gay, motley forms,
Whose olive faces in the darkness flush
With tenderest emotions)—lo ! an old
And strangely sweet tradition—then and there
Cast into custom—year succeeding year
Renews itself. A fountain of delight,
A relic of the early Christian ages, quite
Sublimely grand and touching to behold,—
It glorifies our Saviour's natal night.

When midnight frosts upon the mountains creep,
The shepherds from the Alps descend in pairs.
Fresh stalwart youths and men with silver hairs,
And little sturdy boys (who lead the sheep
To grassy spots upon the pastures steep),
All, two by two, march thro' the dusky town,
Erect and stately, tho' their cheeks are brown—
Their hair unshorn—their torn cloaks fluttering,
They, from their vigils and their scanty sleep
Have snatched this hour to march, and marching, sing
The praises of the new-born Saviour King.
And so with many a carol quaint and old,
Pealing in liquid sweetness from their throats,
Under the starry heavens blue and cold
(So like the skies of ancient Bethlehem,
And they so like the Babe's first worshippers !)
The strange procession as a vision floats
Into the church, ablaze with gems and gold,
Where all the populace are waiting them.
A murmur (as from wind-blown forests) stirs
The mighty throng ; and thro' them, marching mute,
Their cheeks deep-flushing like o'er ripened fruit,
These simple shepherds, this unlettered race,
(Poor as the Lord they come to worship), now
By ushers led are graciously assigned
The post of honor in that sacred place.
They kneel—they kiss the ground, prostrated low,
While "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS" soars behind

The curtained choir to the throne of grace;
 And every note on angel lips doth find
 Angelic echoes, sonorous and slow.
 'Tis well. The courtiers and the nobles go
 With all the civic troops—their breasts aglow
 With sparkling medals, and their armor bright,
 Flashing, and quivering in the wondrous light.
 Yea! all the flower of the Knighthood go
 To mingle with the common herd to-night,
 While shepherds, on this dear old shepherds' feast,
 Girdle the chancel and the murm'ring priest,
 And with their burning hearts a bulwark form
 To keep the dear Bambino safe and warm.
 And when the Holy Babe is born again
 Within that "*House of Bread*,"*—behold! these men,
 With streaming eyes, lift up their hardy hands
 And offer Him a gift most beautiful,—
 A little snow-white lamb, with many bands
 Of rainbow ribbons brightening its wool.
 And so the old tradition, ripe with prayer,
 And mellow with the harvest-heats of Time,
 Repeats a tableau, ancient and sublime,
 This Christmas Eve in Genoa the fair.

ROSE LEBLANC.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, dear me! how tiresome men are!" This was Rose Leblanc's exclamation as, on a fine evening in summer, she stood upon the bridge at the entrance of the town of Pau, surrounded by a number of young men, chiefly laborers or artisans, who generally contrived to be stationed there at the hour when she passed on her way from the market-place of the city to the pretty village of Jurançon, where she lived. Rose was considered the prettiest girl of the town and of its environs; and this was saying a great deal, for the old capital of Béarn, the birthplace of Henry the Fourth, is not deficient in women

whose beauty might vie with that of their Spanish neighbors. Her personal attractions, the untutored grace and charm of her manners, the vivacity of her rustic wit, drew a variety of customers to her stall on the Place du Marché. Her bon mots were in as much repute as her peaches, and her smiles as much sought after as her nosegays. But on this particular evening in June, 18—, neither Jean Renaud, the miller's son, nor M. Charles, the watchmaker of the Place Henri Quatre, nor Jules, the nephew of Madame Bertrand, the milliner of the Grande Rue, nor M. Firmin, the valet of the Comte de Millefort, succeeded in drawing into conversation the little fruit-seller, gener-

* Bethlehem, the House of Bread.

ally the life and soul of these evening reunions, but who on this occasion maintained an obstinate silence, and persisted in frowning down all their efforts to eliven her. Jules Bertrand, the youngest of the party, lost patience at last, and exclaimed, "What a bore it is when people won't be pleasant! It is a downright shame to spoilsport in that way; I call it quarrelling with one's bread and butter."

"Mademoiselle is out of spirits," sighed M. Firmin, with a sentimental air. (His neighbor, Madame Victorie, pronounced him to be a person of great sensibility; he had shown so much feeling, she said, when her canary bird died.)

"Then it must be on account of your flirtation with a lady who shall be nameless," cried Jules, who delighted in tormenting the most faithful and most ill-used of Rose's admirers; "you are such a gay deceiver, M. Firmin."

"Hold your tongue, child," said Rose, struggling at the same time not to smile.

"There now!" exclaimed Jules triumphantly, "I have done what none of you could accomplish; I have made her speak, and all but laugh."

"Well, then, M. Jules, if you possess the art of obtaining answers from ladies, will you please to ask Mdlle. Rose with whom she intends to open the ball at the Three Elms on Thursday next?" said Jean Renaud.

"I claim the first contredanse," cried M. Charles. "It is a long-standing engagement."

"And I the second," modestly put in M. Firmin.

"And I the last," Jules called out; "it is always the merriest."

"Mademoiselle does not dance with children," sententiously observed M. Giraud, the son of the postmaster at Jurançon.

"When I saved your kitten, Mdlle. Rose, from the ruthless hands

of a parcel of school-boys, you promised to open the ball with me on Thursday next."

"She shall do no such thing," indignantly exclaimed M. Charles; "did not you hear me say that Mademoiselle was engaged to me?"

It was at that moment that Rose, quite worn out with the contest between her admirers, gave vent to that unflattering soliloquy with which our story opens. "Dear me! how very tiresome men are! Please to let me pass, gentlemen."

"But, Mdlle. Rose. . . ." "But, really, Mdlle. Rose. . . ." "But, indeed, Mdlle. Rose. . . ." "But upon my word, Mdlle. Rose. . . ." was reiterated on all sides.

"Can there be anything more ridiculous, I want to know, than to come here evening after evening, just like a set of gabies, to watch the river flow, I suppose; stopping the way, making people lose their time?" and so saying she stamped her little foot, and tossed her pretty head. But as the young men seemed bent on detaining or accompanying her, she was forced to have recourse to another expedient. "Well, now, I'll tell you what, I shall open the ball with the one amongst you who shall arrive first at the Croix de la Mission, at Jurançon. I am going to clap my hands; the third time I do so you are all to start. One, two, three, and be off! What! does nobody mean to try for it? O very well, gentlemen, please yourselves by all means; but you may wait long enough before I dance with any of you at the next ball, or indeed ever again. There are plenty of partners to be had in and near Pau. No need to go a begging for them."

"Well, but stop a minute, can't you?" cried M. Charles. "We must agree on the conditions. It is a bargain, then, that you open the ball with the winner of this new sort of race?"

"This steeple-chase," suggested

M. Firmin, whose master was a member of the jockey club.

"And that is even if M. André should ask you?" whispered Jules to Rose, who blushed and turned away. Then addressing herself to the others, she said, "Well I suppose you do not mean to accept my offer. It does not signify; but remember that I do not dance again with any of you, except with Jules, perhaps."

"Ah! my little queen of peaches," said Jules to himself, "you are trying to make friends with Jules Bertrand; that is a proof that he hit the right nail on the head just now."

"Come, then, let us have this steeple chase, as Firmin calls it," cried the watchmaker.

"Ay, ay, I am all for the race," said another.

"Stand in order!" cried a third; "Mademoiselle shall give the signal."

"Stop a moment," said Rose, "I have something more to say. You must all promise to wait for me at Jurançon; no one is to come back to meet me."

"I dare say not," again whispered Jules.

"Not the conqueror?" exclaimed all the young men.

"No, not the conqueror; or he will forfeit his claim to the first contredanse. My mind is made up, and it is of no use arguing with me."

"We all know that very well," cried the watchmaker. "You are a regular little tyrant; but I suppose, like other tyrants, you must be obeyed."

"Well, do not keep us waiting too long," good-humoredly added M. Charles.

Rose gave him one of her bright smiles, clapped her hands, and in an instant all the young men were running along the road or across the meadows in the direction of Jurançon. She watched them

for an instant, and then turning towards Jules, who had not stirred from the spot, she gently pushed him by the shoulders, and said, "And do you not intend to compete for the prize, Jules!"

He put on a stubborn look. "If I was to win you would not dance with me."

"Why not?"

"Because, as I said before, M. André might ask you, and then you would throw me over."

Rose blushed deeply, and tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Mdlle. Rose, don't you go and cry. I only said that to tease you a little; I would not vex or annoy you for the world."

"Well, but it will be a real annoyance and vexation to me if people should talk of M. André's making up to me."

"And why so, Mdlle. Rosa? I am sure if I were you I should be quite proud of such a sweetheart. M. André is so handsome and agreeable; I declare he looks quite like a real gentleman."

"And so he should, Jules. For all that they are so poor now, his grandfather was a nobleman. Between you and me, I always fancy that is the reason that my people at home cannot bear him."

"Oh, then, your friends don't like him. The more shame for them I say. I'd bet anything it is all M. Henri's doings. He has always had a spite against him, I know. Pretty manners *he* has, to be sure! why, he looks for all the world like a country bumpkin. And then he is as jealous as a Turk; everybody knows that."

"Hush, Jules, you don't know what you are talking about."

"I beg your pardon, Mdlle. Rose; I always know what I say, though I don't always say what I know. Good night, Mdlle. Rose; now I shall endeavor to overtake the racers. I know a short cut across

the meadows that will give me a good chance."

When Rose was left alone, she turned down a path on the opposite side of the bridge from that which the young men had taken, and walked for some time alongside the river, or Gave du Pau. The setting sun was shining on the snowy summits of the Pyrenees, and the evening breeze rippling the surface of the stream and waving to and fro the branches of the alders and poplars that lined its banks. After a few minutes' walk she reached a cottage overshadowed with acacias in full bloom and covered with white roses, the perfume of which scented the air to some distance. A young man was leaning against a tree with a book in his hand, but at the sound of Rose's light footstep he sprang forward to meet her.

"Ah! here you are at last, my sweet Rose, my dear little Pomona."

"None of those strange names for me, if you please, M. André; you know that I do not like to be called after heathen goddesses."

"Indeed! and how did you find out that Pomona was not a good Christian, my darling? I did not know you were so learned."

"M. Firmin told me so."

"So you still continue to gossip with footmen."

"Why not, M. André? I talk to everybody who talks to me."

"I am afraid so," answered the young man somewhat drily.

"Do not quarrel with me to-night, M. André; I am unhappy enough as it is."

"Well, I suppose there is nothing to put *me* in spirits, Rose; for if I draw a bad number to-morrow I must go away, I must leave you for heaven knows how long—you, my betrothed, you whom I love more than I can express."

"If we had only money enough to pay for a substitute, as my uncle is going to do for Henri, supposing

the worst comes to the worst, and he draws a bad number. What a lucky fellow Henri is!"

"*My* mother and *my* brother are just as poor as myself. There is scarcely a peasant in the neighborhood that is not better off than the De Vidals; and yet our ancestors, they say, were amongst the noblest and wealthiest seigneurs of this province."

"I know they were, M. André; and, though it is a weakness perhaps, I believe it is just because you are of a high family, and at the same time so poor, that I have a regard for you, and that I am determined to be your wife."

"Well, I do not see any advantage in being born a gentleman if one is at the same time as poor as a rat, and obliged to live in the same manner as the village laborers."

"Oh, well, I like to feel that you are a gentleman. It is not the clothes a man wears, or the kind of food he eats, that makes the difference. When we are married, it will be my business to work for you, to wait upon you, to keep things straight in the house while you read and write and study in those great books which M. le Curé lends you. You will sit there on the bench near the door looking at the sky, at the hills, at the stars, and at your little wife, too, now and then."

"Oh, very, very often indeed, Rose, at my dear little wife!"

"Not too often though, for she will have to be very busy about the house: there will be the kitchen to attend to, you know, and the wash-house, and the chickens, and the pigs, and the garden."

"Ah! my darling, you are going on like Lafontaine's milkmaid."

"What milkmaid do you mean? I never heard of her before. Does she live at Pau or at Jurançon? I have never heard of the village of Lafontaine."

"No, no; the milkmaid I mean is the creation of a great writer's brain, the heroine of one of the prettiest fables that ever was written."

"Oh, as to fables, I do not care for them at all. I like a song twenty times better. Then is it really at twelve o'clock to-morrow that the dreadful balloting for the conscription takes place?"

"Alas! it is so."

"At the Préfecture?"

"Yes, in the Salle du Conseil. Shall you come to market as usual?"

"Of course I shall. The fruit cannot be left to take care of itself. I should be bored to death, too, if I stayed all day at home. I had much rather hear the worst at once. If you draw a good number, M. André, mind you make some sign as you come out that will make me know at once what has happened."

"Suppose I have been fortunate, I will lay my hand on my heart; and in the contrary case . . ."

"Well, you had better then make the sign of the cross, there is always a little bit of comfort in that. But I forget they are all waiting for me at Jurançon!"

"Who are waiting?"

"The young men you know that meet on the bridge every evening. I was obliged to play them a little trick in order to get rid of them. They have been running a race, and I am to open the next ball with the winner."

"You are always flirting, Rose; always laughing, talking, dancing with those vulgar people."

"As to laughing, and talking, and dancing, where is the harm? And as to *flirting* . . . but you are very unjust, very unkind, M. André. Those vulgar people, as you call them, are my friends; and they are much kinder to me than you are." And Rose wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Forgive me, dearest, forgive

me," said André in a pleading voice. "I do believe you care for me."

"I should think you did, indeed!" Rose indignantly exclaimed: but, softening again, she said, "And your mother, M. André; she must be very unhappy, poor woman: and M. Baptiste, who is so fond of you, and his pretty little girl who follows you about like your shadow. Well, we must make the best of a bad affair, I suppose, and not torment ourselves too much beforehand."

"If I draw a good number, I shall immediately speak to your uncle, and ask him to consent to our marriage."

"Oh, no indeed, M. André, you must do no such thing! my uncle will not hear of it, I am sure: and Henri! dear me, he has no idea that you are courting me."

"Well, it is high time he should know something about it then. Why you have always made such a mystery of it, I am sure I cannot tell; forbidding me to speak to you coming out of church, or on the promenade, or in the market-place. And then I am never to ask you to dance at the balls! Why, if you had not been such a little coward, who knows but we should be by this time married and safe from this horrid conscription; whereas now I may be in for it for seven years—a pretty look-out for a pair of engaged lovers!"

"Well, I can only repeat what I have always said, M. André. It would not have done us any good to have set the people talking. My uncle would have forbidden me to speak to you, and I should not have had an instant's peace at home. You have no idea how savage Henri Lacaze is about the people who make up to me. I assure you I quite tremble to think of it. He might take it into his head to quarrel with you."

"Well, it must come to that at

last, I suppose, and it is childish to go on in this manner."

"If Henri hears of it, he will be in *such* a passion! We shall not be allowed to marry, and in the meantime I shall be scolded from morning to night by my uncle, by Aunt Babet, and Henri."

"And what right, I should like to know, has M. Lacaze to interfere in the matter?"

"He will not listen to reason. It is of no use. It is just like talking to a wall. It is now more than two years since I told him that I would never be his wife. He will not give it up. He keeps harping upon my having promised to marry him. It is so absurd! As if a promise made by a child could bind a woman!"

"Then you did once promise?"

"Well, M. André, I will tell you just how it happened. We were brought up together. Henri is the son, as you know, of my uncle's deceased wife, and he was always as fond of him as if he had been his own child. And to me he was as a brother. When we were children, he used to call me his little wife, and I called him my husband. He carried me in his arms long before I could walk; and, later, he used to take me out into the fields and meadows. Well, about four years ago, he said to me one day, 'Rose, in two years' time I shall marry you.' 'Shall you, indeed?' I answered, quite surprised. 'My father agrees to it, and so does Aunt Babet; I suppose you have no objection, Rosy?' 'Well, I have no particular objection,' I said; 'and if you all three wish it, I don't mind being your wife. But you must let me amuse myself for some time first, and dance as much as I like before I marry.' 'Then it is a promise,' he said, and he kissed me on both cheeks. I did not think much of this at first, and when they talked about it, it gave me neither pain nor pleasure. At that time I

began going to the market with Aunt Babet, and the following summer to the village balls. I liked to dance, to laugh, to amuse myself, and the young men were all very civil to me. Then a great change came over Henri, who had always been so kind to me up to that time. He was always scolding, finding fault, and tormenting me about everything. I got very angry sometimes. I would not listen when he tried to make it up; and in order to provoke him I used to say that I would never marry him. This always put him into a passion. He used to raise his hand as if to strike me, but he never did though; and I went on plaguing him in this way to pay him off for his scoldings. On my seventeenth birthday he said we must marry. 'Thank you for nothing,' I answered, 'I do not intend to marry at present; and when I do, it will not be a cross tyrannical man like you. I choose to amuse myself with my friends and acquaintances, to go to the balls, and chat with my partners without being scolded and interfered with.' I kept firm to this, and desired him not to think any more of me, but to look out for another wife. He looked at me so strangely when I said this that I felt quite frightened. 'Very well,' he growled out at last, 'I can't help it if you choose to make a fool of yourself. I'll be patient and wait; but for God's sake don't go and lose your heart to any of these youngsters; for, mind you, I'll kill the man who thinks to marry you.' Well, M. André, we are always in the same state. He says that he is waiting; that he lets me have my own way for a time till I am grown reasonable. He is cross sometimes, but not really unkind: only if even in joke I say anything about marrying somebody else, his manner quite frightens me. His eyes flash like lightning, and I have seen him once break an oak stick in his hand as if

it had been a willow cane. He was as pale as pale”

“But,” exclaimed André impatiently, “there must be an end of all this. M. Henri must be brought to reason.”

“Oh, but he is so fierce, so violent, and you, M. André, you are so gentle.” A crimson flush overspread the young man’s face, and he said in a voice which faltered with passion, “Do you suspect me of timidity, Rose? Do you think that I dread the coarse violence of an ill-bred fellow who awes you by his brutality, but who, should he dare to insult me, will find to his cost that a man with noble blood in his veins can match by courage and skill mere physical force?”

“Do not be angry, M. André; pray, pray compose yourself. All will go well if you are not too precipitate. But, I declare, if that is not the angelus ringing! What will those youths say, and my uncle and Henri? Some of them will be coming back to look for me.”

“Always Henri!” cried André impatiently; for the name of young Lacaze had become intolerable to him. “Forgive me, dear Rose, forgive me. Do not look so anxious, dearest; I will accompany you part of the way.”

“Not further than the bridge, M. André.”

“Ah! those fears of yours again; they vex and offend me.”

“Oh, dear me! how very tiresome men are!” Rose sighed out for the second time that day, but in a more gentle and melancholy tone than before. She smiled a little mournfully as André took her hand and kissed it, and then walked away towards Jurançon, while he sat down on the bank under the acacia-trees, and fell into a long reverie.

CHAPTER II.

THE house which M. Dumont, Rose Leblanc’s uncle, owned in the

pretty village of Jurançon was one of those old-fashioned buildings which are often seen in the southern provinces of France. Half farmhouse and half cottage, it covered a large extent of ground; but a portion of the walls was falling into decay, and the rooms which were inhabited by the family were fewer in number than those devoted to extraneous purposes connected with the owner’s business as a market-gardener and small farmer. At the back of the house there was a garden full of aromatic plants and China roses in full bloom. A variety of fruit trees were nailed against walls fringed with the blue flowers of the iris and the dark blue larkspurs. Beyond this inclosure a grove of Spanish chestnuts, and on the other side a rich luxuriant meadow, watered by a little stream, and studded with alders and weeping willows, fringed the banks of the Gave de Pau, and commanded a lovely view of the valley beyond it, and of the glorious range of Pyrenean mountains, purple as the Apennines, and snow-capped as the Alps.

The daylight was beginning to wane when Rose entered the village of Jurançon, with a heightened color and a hurried step, which betokened some degree of uneasiness of mind. The young men, who had been waiting at the Croix de la Mission for nearly an hour, hastened to meet her. Jean Renaud had won the race, and came forward to proclaim his victory. She complimented him gaily, and after a little talking and laughing took leave of the “bande joyeuse.” M. Dumont and his sister Babet had also been for some time impatiently looking out for Rose. He was seated at the kitchen table, opposite the chimney, with a large leather pouch before him, standing ready to engulf the proceeds of the little bag in which his niece deposited every day the money she brought

back from market. "You are late, little one," he called out as she came in. "You play truant, I suspect, and stop to chatter with every idle body that comes in your way. I never knew such a girl for talking. Little Jules Bertrand is nothing to you, although the boy has a tongue that would set twenty mills going. Let us hear what you have done in the way of business to-day. What did the peaches sell for?"

"Ten francs; and here are six for the peaches and apricots. Are you satisfied?"

"Pretty well, little girl."

"Then I am sure you will give me five francs. I want a new apron, and a lace fringe to it."

"Mercy on us! she does not mince matters," exclaimed Babet. "Fringed with lace, indeed! I should like to know if I ever wore aprons fringed with lace. What we shall come to at last!"

Old Dumont pretended to frown, and tapped Rose's fingers, which were fumbling in the bag for a five-franc piece.

"You are an extravagant little minx; if this goes on I shall end my days at the Little Sisters of the Poor. You will ruin me, child." Rose kissed his forehead, and dropped back into the bag the piece of money she had laid hold of. "What are you doing, you silly puss, can't you understand a joke, child? Take your five francs, my girl, and make the most of them. Your old uncle likes to see you smart."

"Her old uncle would do much better not to encourage his niece in such vanities," exclaimed Babet. "The child is conceited enough already, and the money she spends on artificial flowers, lace and trumpery of all sorts!"

"Come, come, sister Babet, don't be hard upon the girl; children will be children."

"But you spoil her so, brother!"

"I like that, indeed! It is I, perhaps, that's always providing dainties for the girl's supper? Nothing is good enough for her. Mdlle. must have fricassées, and poached eggs, and what not!"

"Well, as to that, young people must eat. The child has not left off growing yet; and she is not a bad girl after all."

The niece threw her arms round her aunt's neck, who was placing her supper on the table, and whispering, "There it is, nice and hot; make haste to eat it up."

"Oh, dear me! how vexed they will be when they hear that I am resolved to marry M. André!"

This was said to herself, and the thought threw her into a brown study.

"What are you doing, little one," asked M. Dumont, "with your fork up in the air and your eyes fixed on the window, as if you were counting the stars in the sky? You are not like yourself to-night. What is the matter, that you do not eat your supper?"

"Has Henri had his supper?"

"No, indeed; he is not come in. Young people have queer fashions nowadays. I can't think what keeps him. But here he is, I believe."

The door opened, and a tall, strongly-built young man, square-shouldered, with a bushy head of hair, and a somewhat awkward figure, entered the house. He put down his hat and stick on the bench near the door, and came up to the table where Rose was sitting at supper.

"Wait a bit," said Babet, "I shall get your soup warmed in a minute."

"Thank you, aunt; I am in no hurry," he answered; and sat down as far as possible from Rose, with his elbows on the table, and his head leaning on his hands. M. Dumont spoke to him two or three times; but, getting nothing but

monosyllabic answers, he soon lay back in his arm-chair and fell asleep. When both the young people had finished eating, Rose offered to wash up the plates; but Babet desired her to sit still, and removed them herself to the back kitchen. She then took her spinning-wheel, and diligently plied the spindle. Henri walked up and down the room without speaking; now and then stopping short for an instant, and then beginning again to pace backwards and forwards. At last, standing opposite to her, he said, in a rough, imperious manner:

"What the devil is the meaning of this steeple-chase, which all the tom-fools in the place were talking of just now?"

"Jean Renaud won it," she answered in a playful but defiant tone of voice. "I wished him joy just now."

"And may I ask what the prize has been?"

"The honor of opening the next ball with, if not the prettiest, the merriest girl of Jurançon."

"Oh, indeed! and that is yourself, I suppose?"

"How wonderfully acute at guessing you are, my dear cousin."

"Let me tell you that I do not fancy at all this sort of thing."

"I am not surprised at it. You are not nimble enough: running and dancing were never in your line."

"Jean Renaud will have been at his pains for nothing. You will not dance with him or anybody else this week."

"I beg your pardon. I shall dance with him and with as many others besides as I like."

"Not when I forbid it. I don't advise you to try my patience too far."

Rose hummed the air of a contredanse; and as she span, beat time with her foot.

"You shall not go to the ball this week."

"Do you think so?"

"I positively forbid you to go."

"And in the name of patience what right have you to forbid it? a tyrant's right, I suppose!" exclaimed Rose, who was getting very angry, for she knew very well that Henri could always obtain M. Dumont's sanction to the enforcement of what she called his caprices, and then she was obliged to submit. "If I was you, Henri, I should be ashamed of playing the tyrant. The young men will all laugh at you famously when I tell them that you will not permit me to dance. Even Jules Bertrand says it is ridiculous to be so jealous."

Henri turned pale with anger, and struck the table with a violence that made the candlesticks quiver. There was a long silence, during which no sound was heard but the snoring of his dog, who was lying before the fire, and Babet's footsteps, as she moved about in the adjoining room.

"The fact is," said Henri, trying to command his voice and appear indifferent, "that I wish you to leave off selling the fruit. That stall of yours is the rendezvous of all the idlers in the neighborhood, and you make no end of objectionable acquaintances there. I can't stand it any longer. Aunt Babet used to attend to the stall, and she can do so again."

"Oh, what a capital idea!" exclaimed Rose with a little scornful laugh. "That will indeed draw custom to the shop. My poor dear uncle must in that case send some wonderful fruit to market, or his business will scarcely thrive."

"Then it is by dint of flirting and coquetting that you manage to sell the fruit to such advantage. The devil take the money and the customers!"

"And the stall-keeper too?" asked Rose with a provoking smile.

"You ought to be aware, Rose, that your proper place is at home

minding the house, and looking after the cows, the poultry, all the things that a good housewife ought to care for. There is an end to trifling and nonsense: people must settle down at last, and in a month"

"Ah, indeed," repeated Rose in a low voice as if speaking to herself; "there must be an end to all this, and the time is come to tell him about André."

"In a month we are to be married."

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Rose, looking frightened.

"Do not exasperate me," cried Henri in a passion. "I can put up with your caprices, your waywardness—your flirting ways, even, I have submitted to—though ten times a day I have felt so angry that I have scarcely known what to do with myself; but mark me, Rose, if you were to fall in love with one of those youngsters whom you flirt with, if one of them dared to propose to marry you, my betrothed wife, I'd kill him."

"Oh, that is the way you take to make yourself agreeable, is it? It certainly holds out a great inducement to a woman to marry you! your humble servant, my cousin. It is enough to be bullied and ill-used in this way for the present without binding oneself to be your slave forever."

"Did you say I ill-used you, Rose?"

"Certainly you ill-use me: you scold me, you treat me like a child, you forbid me to go to the ball. Because I amuse myself in town, you threaten to keep me here to work in the kitchen and feed the poultry. This does not suit me at all, I can tell you. You want to insist upon marrying me without caring to know if I love you, or if I do not love"

She had raised her eyes to Henri's face, and something in its expression made her stop short. He

hastily took up his hat and called his dog. A deadly paleness had come over his face. He left the house without speaking.

When Rose found herself alone in her little bedroom, she opened the latticed window which looked upon the garden. The calm beauty of the night, the distant murmur of the river, the perfume of the flowers, and the serene aspect of the cloudless sky, soothed her agitation. The loveliness of nature has often a powerful effect even on those who do not analyze their own impressions. It may even be more real from the very fact that imagination has no share in producing it. The little peasant girl whose heart had been stirred by various emotions during the whole of the day, now experienced the influence of that silent balmy evening hour. She sat down on her bed with her head leaning on her hand, and revolved in her mind the events of the day. The sound of a deep sigh caught her ear, and looking out of the window, she saw between the boughs of the acacia-trees, a man sitting on the bench near the entrance door. "It is Henri," she said to herself. "Yes, it is certainly Henri. There is his dog lying at his feet. What a deep sigh that was! What is he thinking of?" Gently she put aside the branches of the jessamine which embowered the window, and stretched her head forward to make sure that it was indeed her cousin who was sitting there. A rose which she had gathered in André's garden slipped out of her dress, and fell at the feet of the young man. He laid hold of it and looked up. The window above was hastily closed, but Rose with her face against the panes, watched the fate of the flower. Henri had crushed it in his hands and thrown it on the ground. His dog went up to smell at it, but with his foot he thrust him aside. A moment af-

terwards he picked up the bruised and withered rose, and his footsteps were now heard upon the wooden stairs leading to his room.

"What strange creatures men are!" Rose ejaculated as she laid her head on the pillow. The refrain of one of Jasmin's prettiest songs came into her mind at that moment, and she fell asleep murmuring in the patois of her native land the words of advice which the Poet of Agen addresses to the loveliest rose of the garden:

"To shield thee from the stormy wind,
Believe me, Rose, a guardian find."

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, by six in the morning, a cart laden with fruit was standing at M. Dumont's door; some bright nosegays of flowers and bundles of jasmine and myrtle were intermingled with the baskets of peaches, apricots, figs, and plums. Rose stood at the horse's head giving orders, assisting in the arrangement of her stores, and hastening the proceedings of the stable-boy, who did not seem in as great a hurry as herself to set off for Pau.

"How do you do, Aunt Babet; how is your rheumatism this morning?" she asked, as the good lady, with her head covered with a shawl, opened the window of the kitchen.

"Why, I have not closed my eyes all night," was the reply. "That goose, Henri, who actually asked me last night if I would not take your place, Rose, at the market-place! A pretty thing, indeed, at my age! He is not pleased with you, Rose; you are really too giddy; you come home so late: it is that which puts him out. Oh, dear me! young people are very aggravating; they have no consideration for anybody. They take such strange ideas into their heads. What would people say, I wonder, to see a woman of my years perched

up on that narrow seat, for all the world like a hen on a garden wall?"

Rose, who did not feel quite sure whether Babet's soliloquy referred to her own misdeeds, or to Henri's inconsiderate suggestion, hastened to reply.

"People would be sure to say that you ought not to be exposed to the fatigue of going backwards and forwards, and to the bothers of the market-place. It is not at all pleasure sitting at the receipt of custom, whatever Henri may think. I wish he'd go and keep the stall himself for one whole day. Mr. That is difficult to please; Mrs. This never finds anything to her taste. There are people who would swear that a green gage was a damson and a peach a potato. You have to smile to one customer, to joke with a second, to courtesy to a third: to keep everybody in a good humor, and lose your own temper just at the right moment. Oh, it is not all so easy as people suppose. It requires a good deal of management. And my poor uncle, too! I wonder how he would like to dine on dishes of my cooking. Poor dear man! it would make him ill to a certainty."

"Well, child, you are not deficient in sense at times. There is some truth in what you say: but you are not listening to me. Why are you in such a hurry? it has not struck seven o'clock yet."

"Indeed, it must be past seven, aunt; the clock of the Franciscans is always slow. The sun is my time-piece. Good-bye, my dear aunt; mind you take care of yourself, and don't mind what Henri says."

Then, with a nod and a smile, she shook the bridle, flourished the whip, and the old horse, well accustomed to her ways, trotted off on the road to Pau.

She had dressed herself with a good deal of care that morning, the little fruit-seller of Jurançon,

and she no doubt looked extremely well in her blue petticoat, her red bodice, and her gold chain. A large straw hat shaded her forehead and her bright violet-colored eyes. She was young and gay, graceful as a kitten, and merry as a bird. The sweet morning breeze fanned her blooming cheeks, and waved her glossy hair; the singing of the larks and the thrushes awakened gladness in her heart. She made a pretty picture, this little girl, seated amidst her flowers and her fruit, smiling, and like Belinda, making the world gay with her smiles. But shadows occasionally passed over that expressive young face. The solitudes of the maiden interfered with the instinctive joyousness of the child. Anxious thoughts concerning André, the conscription, the approaching ballot, Henri's violence, his threats, and his sighs, came athwart her enjoyment of that summer morning, like clouds across a radiant sky. She looked back towards Jurançon, and the sound of the bells of its old church seemed to speak like a voice from her home; she looked at the little white house amongst the trees, the cottage of the De Vidals, and she fell into a reverie, and built a castle in the air, in which that aristocratic syllable played a conspicuous part. At the entrance of the town she turned into the street which leads to the Convent of the Ursulines. It was there that she had been at school, and had learned, at the same time as her catechism, to read, to write, and to sew. It was there, also, that she had made her first Communion. Leaving the boy who accompanied her to take the cart on to the market-place, she alighted at the door of the convent, and asked to speak to Sister Theresa, who had been her teacher in the class. She was shown into the parlor where the good nun was at work mending the linen.

"How do you do, my little Rose? How are they all at Jurançon?" she said, without interrupting her work. "What beautiful weather we have now. Your fruits must be getting famously ripe."

"Why, indeed, there is nothing to complain of in that respect; but I am in great trouble notwithstanding."

The nun raised her eyes quickly, and fixed them with a kind inquiring glance on the agitated countenance of the young girl.

"What is the matter, my child?" she gently said.

"Why, the matter is, Sister—you will think it very strange, I know—but the matter is, that I have two suitors—that is, I have a suitor, and then my cousin who wants, whether I choose it or not, to marry me."

"But, indeed, this is very shocking," said Sister Theresa, letting fall the stocking she was mending. "I don't understand it at all, Rose. I thought you were engaged to M. Lacaze; and, if so, what business have you with other suitors?"

"M. André Vidal wishes to marry me, and I like him, and have promised myself to him; but my cousin says he will kill anybody who makes up to me."

"Do you mean the brother of M. Baptiste Vidal?"

"Yes," Rose answered, with downcast eyes. "But they don't know anything about it at home. I never ventured to say that the reason why I had changed my mind about Henri was that I liked somebody else. And I never would let him talk to me before other people."

"And you have done so in secret, Rose?" asked the nun, with some severity of manner.

"Just a little now and then. But indeed, Sister, he is very good. Don't be angry with me. M. André has never said a word to me

he should not; and he is as gentle as Henri is cross."

Sister Theresa took a letter out of her pocket and read it over attentively. After she had folded it up again, and put it by, she reflected for a few moments, and then said, "I strongly recommend you, my dear child, to give up the idea of a marriage which your uncle would not approve of, and which would not be acceptable to the relations of this young man."

Rose looked very much put out. "I don't know why you say that, Sister. Madame Vidal is very fond of me; and then, you see, I have now promised to marry M. André."

"Without asking your uncle's consent? Without consulting your aunt? In spite of your previous engagement to your cousin?"

"But it is not my fault if, say what I will, he refuses to release me from that engagement. I have told him over and over again that I won't be his wife."

"And why are you resolved not to marry him?"

"Because I don't like him, and that I like somebody else, Sister Theresa."

"Are you quite sure of it, Rose?"

"I should think I was, indeed."

"I remember that at one time you had a great regard for M. Lacaze. What has he done that you should change your mind?"

"He is so cross. He won't let me amuse myself."

"That is indeed a very great offence," said the nun with a smile.

"You don't know, Sister Theresa, how disagreeable it is not to amuse one's self. Nuns are always contented; they don't care about going to balls."

"Well that is not, I admit, one of our cares."

"But for us girls it is not the same thing, you see. Now just put yourself for a moment in my place, Sister Theresa."

"Well, I think if I was in your place, I should accept the husband which my uncle chose for me, and whose good qualities I was so well acquainted with; his faults I would put up with, knowing that everybody has some imperfections or other, and that I myself was not free from them. I would try to make a good wife to him; to be gentle, obedient, hard-working, and very pious. I should try not to care so much about amusement; but, considering how short life is, I would try to make a good use of it, and so prepare for the next world."

"But, Sister, M. le Curé at Jurangon says it is wrong for a girl to marry a man she dislikes, particularly if she likes somebody else."

"But she must not like somebody else," persisted Sister Theresa.

"That is very easy to say," answered Rose, twisting the corners of her apron between her fingers.

"If this young man was married should you go on caring for him?"

"O dear no; that would be a mortal sin."

"You see, then, that the will has something to do with these questions."

"But it is not a sin to like M. André."

"When a girl is engaged to be married she ought to try and keep faithful to the man who has her promise. And then it is wrong, exceedingly wrong, to act by stealth, and to conceal from parents or relatives these sort of affairs. You have sadly forgotten our instructions, my dear child."

"You will not pray, then, I suppose, that M. André may get a good number? The ballot for the conscription takes place to-day."

"I will gladly pray for him, for you, for every one concerned, that all may turn out for the best; and Almighty God knows far better than we do how that will be."

"I will, in the mean time, say a

rosary and burn a taper before the Blessed Virgin's altar. There can't be any harm in that."

"No, indeed; it is always right to pray; but it would be all the better if, after each 'Ave,' you were to add, 'God's holy will be done.'"

"If I only knew"

"What His Providence intends, you mean. Ah! that's the difficulty. But there is no alternative; we must make up our minds either to struggle in His hands like foolish, helpless children, or humbly to submit to what He ordains: making His blessed will ours, and bearing cheerfully the crosses He sees fit to lay upon us. Go then, my child, say your beads with as much devotion as you can; try to be a good, modest, truthful girl, and our dear Mother will help you."

"Sister Theresa is a very holy woman," Rose said to herself as, coming out of the chapel, she walked along the streets to the market-place. "She encourages you; she makes

you wish to be good; and I am sure I will try to do as she says. But she is rather too severe, I think. After all, what great harm have I done? If it is in secret that M. André has been making up to me, it has only been because of Henri's jealousy. It is his fault, not mine. And then about the balls; I don't suppose she ever knew what it was to care about dancing. Ah! there is eight o'clock striking. What a long time to wait till twelve? I shall just eat a pear to while away the time, and see if the peel, when I throw it up, will fall in the shape of a particular letter I am thinking of." This experiment, a common one amongst young girls in France, did not apparently succeed according to Rose's wishes. The unlucky peel, as it fell upon the ground, did not assume the shape of an A or a V; it looked rather more like an L. She pushed it away with her foot, and ate her breakfast in silence.

(To be continued.)

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

THERE is nothing that characterizes the dignity and excellence of man better than the ardor with which he pursues the knowledge of the origin of the world, and seeks in the history of those who lived before him either models for his conduct, or information about his destination. This eager desire is common to all; it is inseparable from our prerogative of reason. From what sources shall we draw wherewithal to satisfy that desire? We will not begin by recurring to the Bible; we will try to replace it by information from another quarter; we may even for a while sup-

pose that there is no such book. And if so where shall we look, to find the thread of events, tracing them back to the beginning of the world; to what nations shall we apply for guidance through the labyrinths of time?

The nations that boast the greatest antiquity and the most accurate learning in this matter are the Arabians, the Romans, the Grecians, the Egyptians, and the Chinese. It would be a waste of labor to consult the Mahometan Arabians. They are stocked with arithmetical and algebraical learning; they know a little of astronomy and

physic; also they have genealogies, more or less complete, of their different families. But they give us no information about the other nations, as they know none but their own. They have some knowledge of the dispersed offspring of the man who escaped from the deluge; but whatever preceded Abraham, is, with them, utterly confused and dark. What they relate has no coherency; besides, their writings are, comparatively, quite modern, almost all of them dating from the time of Mahomet. This adventurer of Mecca, a cunning but illiterate man, took it into his head in the seventh century, to act the part of one specially illuminated, and ascribed to himself a mission for the complete destruction of idolatry, and the conversion of mankind; a work which had been commenced but not perfected by Christ. He stated that the Messiah could use miracles only, whilst he was privileged with the sword. It was very judicious in him to depend on the sword, rather than any other weapon, and particularly the pen. However, he ventured to write, and notwithstanding his want of science he relied on his Alcoran and smoothness of style peculiar to him, and a few historical points which he picked up during his trading excursions in Syria. The Jews had spoken to him of Mary, daughter of Amram, and sister of Moses and Aaron; he often heard the Christians mentioning Mary the Mother of Jesus, for whom he affected a singular veneration. After attributing eminent qualities to Jesus, he praises his mother, whom he calls daughter of Amram, in order to give her honorable distinction. From this one instance we may conclude about the historical knowledge and legislative illumination of this unique and self-commissioned reparator of society. Although Mahomet has done no more in this instance than most of

his countrymen, who have filled their so-called ancient history with inconsistencies as ludicrous as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the later Arabian writers have been ashamed of the anachronism, which they discovered to be no less than fifteen hundred years, by the reading of the Bible. They have used all imaginable interpretations and evasions to palliate this arrant turpitude. But as the blunder of the master, and the anxiety of his disciples to hide it, imply a supposition of the existence of the books of the Jews and Christians from which they borrowed both what they know, and what they distort in a bungling manner, it is plain that the Arabians can have no knowledge of antiquity, if there is no Bible left to inform them. The genealogy of Mahomet himself has not been traced back without interruption to Ismael, from whom his family is descended: and all the historical productions of modern Arabians, wherein they step beyond the bounds of their own affairs, and endeavor to trace things a little further than the time of Mahomet, are in the most ridiculous confusion.

In the same supposition of the non-existence of the Bible, we need not expect better help from other nations than from the Arabians. The Romans received all their information from the Grecians, who having travelled in Egypt, imagined that they brought thence all the treasures of science.

These nations are so far from having taught us the origin of the world, that they do not even inform us about their own people. They, indeed, mention a few bands of Ionians, Pelasgi, Æolians, Ansonians, Siculi, Trojans, and other vagabonds, who wander from coast to coast, mutually drive one another out of the way, whilst they try to make a permanent settlement. But when it is asked whence the ma-

majority of them came, we are told they are Aborigines, they are Anothones, they came out of the bowels of their native land. The wise Diodorus most philosophically discusses about the countries whose mire first produced men and insects by its fermentation. According to him, "the vast abundance of mud deposited by the overflowing of the river Nile, peopled Egypt more than any other country." This kind of information is very unsatisfactory, because the same mud is renewed every year, but it no longer breeds men. Nature, unaccountably, has taken another course, or rather has abandoned her old freaks, and has become clean, constant, and uniform in her productions. We may be permitted to digress and sympathize with some admirers of "*Modern Thought*," who must feel chagrined to see the laurels of that extraordinary scientist, Mr. Darwin, wilted by the discovery that his "Selection of Species" is a plagiarism of the muddy theory of two thousand years ago. The Diodorian theory gave to thick filthy mud the "selection" of an existence in the tidy and clean form of man; the Darwinian theory gives rotten sponge or slimy fish the same neat and decent choice. Where is the difference? None; except in the variety of nastiness in the prototype. Diodorus offers putrid slime; Darwin presents rotten sponge, straw, &c. Diodorus is original in the foul conception; Darwin is original in the audacity only of silly plagiarism.

When we pursue our course of inquiry we fail to obtain satisfactory information. We are told that there were at those times under investigation, men in Sicily to whom nature had given but one eye in the middle of their forehead. There were others in Africa who had no heads! but were furnished with a pair of eyes, a nose, and a mouth laid flat upon their breasts. When

the Greeks mention some ancient names, or attempt to join a few facts together, there is nothing but an abundance of confused hearsays. No connection or certainty appears in their learning. Whenever Diodorus, Herodotus, especially Homer, go up a few ages above their own time, or venture a little out of their own country in the description of places, their history and topography become downright fairy tales. Osiris and Typhon, Hercules and Geryon, Menelaus and Ulysses, appear at first in places very well known, and afterwards are lost in countries and upon sea-coasts, whose extent and situation have no relation to the arrangement of the globe. The facts related by the Greeks and Egyptians resemble the figures that constitute the outside of their religion; everything is so monstrous, and so oddly sorted, that they are easily perceived to be amusing fables or allegorical instruments, perverted and ridiculously embellished in their application. They are dreams rather than histories. Every event takes place at once in Egypt and Greece, in Spain, in Scythia, in Asia and Crete, in the heavens and on the earth, at the bottom of the sea, and in the abyss of hell. These phantoms of darkened minds being neither real nor natural, and having no credit, except with the universal licentiousness and vanity of nations, the solemnities of the heathens could not any more than their religious practices, be looked upon as historical monuments. Menes, or Minos, with his two labyrinths, could not settle at once in middle Egypt and in Crete. Jupiter, Bacchus, and Apollo, whose cradles were exhibited in so many different places at the same time, could not be born everywhere. Names, facts, places, dates, are all in downright confusion.

The ancient authors who spoke of Egypt have represented it as a

flourishing kingdom, and mention one king only. However a certain Manethon in the reign of Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, that is, after the memoirs of the ancient reigns had been destroyed by Cambyses, and by other conquerors, took a fancy to write a history of Egypt, in which he makes several dynasties to reign; the catalogues, being linked into one continuous chain, reach up to a very remote antiquity. No authority, no monuments, no guarantees are produced to verify this legend; the so-called history being quite unwarrantable, is, in reality, a mere fable. It is certain that the royal family of Egypt was sometimes expelled, and replaced by another. Governors of Tanis, or, some powerful families of Heliopolis, of Thebes, or some other province, took advantage of their eminent position, and the forces at their command, to ascend the throne. It is very probable that some record of the genealogies of their ancestors was made. They possibly may have had an affection for a particular city more than another, and thereby gained special notoriety. They may have divided the authority and reigned together. If those records, which are naturally collateral and devoid of coherency and authenticity, were tacked together into one list, we easily perceive the wonderful length that history would acquire, and how easily people would take it for truth.

However it may be with those events, so lately published, and so destitute of proofs, it is evident that such stuff cannot be the history of the world. Nor can it be that even of Egypt; whereas Osiris, Isis, Menes, and Anubis, those great names of kings and gods said to belong to Egypt, and which were exhibited in the mysteries at Crete, Samothracia, and Eleusis, never really existed. Many ancient sages who assisted at those representations, plainly tell us that such repre-

sentations were neither men nor gods, but only emblems of certain practices necessary to mankind.

The darkness that covers the original world deepens as we proceed. China has a vast reputation of learning and antiquity; thither we will go in search of what we cannot find in Greece or Egypt. The Chinese annals acknowledge that an ancient emperor, a great enemy to science and learned men, caused all the books to be burned, completely destroyed all monuments, and for sixty years labored to demolish everything that might serve to revive past knowledge. After the death of this destroyer, the hearsays of old men were collected, and amounted only to the very imperfect information of their infancy. From this inaccurate and incoherent material, several stories were patched up, where the marvelous was exaggerated, there being no contradictory monuments. We are not surprised to find it stated, that 1250 years before Christ, an emperor named Uneye, discovered the loadstone, and mariner's compass, and informed the Cochin Chinese about it; that 2697 years before the Christian era, Hoam-Ti invented astronomy, arithmetic, musical instruments, warlike arms, chariots, ships, weights and measures, carpentry, and potters' ware; and that even before him other geniuses had discovered bell casting, the game of chess, and the art of printing. Moreover, we are gravely told that very near 3000 years before Christ, Fo-py, the first emperor, discovered the philosopher's stone, and transmuted all inferior metals into gold. Such is the introduction of the history of China, of which we need say only, "*Like events, like dates*;" we might as well credit the tales of alchemists, as notice such a fable. We may remark that it is very singular that modern sages, who are so much exercised with everything that ap-

pears to be an embarrassment for Christianity, have not noticed in this connection a very perplexing fact. Wonderful and perplexing beyond expression is the fact, that the monks who travelled into China in the reign of Justinian, and so many other voyagers who had, even before that time, seen India, Cochinchina, and the country of the Chinese, found there (as the pseudo history avers) the mariner's compass, &c., &c., without being in the least affected by these inventions, or imparting them to their countrymen; nay, without so much as saying a word about them at their return! The Grecian monks brought with them only a few silkworm

cocoons as curiosities, and a prudent man thought afterwards that these might be utilized in the Greek Peninsula, where white mulberry trees were abundant. The total absence of authentic testimonies, and the marvellous carried to ridiculous excess, discredit the so-called history of China, and forbid the vain task of looking there for the origin of the world. If the greatest geniuses of antiquity and the most civilized nations have had no knowledge of this important subject, whom shall we consult about it? The essential and truthful information must have some source, and with careful investigation we cannot fail to find it.

EARLY YEARS OF A CATHOLIC LEADER.

III.

WE now approach the period when Montalembert distinguished himself in so singular a manner in connection with De Lamennais and Lacordaire, through the *Avenir* newspaper. The history of the *Avenir*, and of all connected with it, has often been told, and we need not repeat the well-known tale, but, after glancing at its chief features, we may make some remarks upon its relation to Montalembert's career as a Catholic leader in France. The three men, whose names are most prominent in connection with the *Avenir*, were of totally different temperaments, but for the time being they were united by the common desire to serve the cause of liberty, especially religious liberty. Lamennais had already distinguished himself and won the respect of the ecclesiastical

authorities, but that had been when he represented the royalist cause. Those who had then shared his political bias not unnaturally held aloof when they saw him ranged so decidedly among their opponents. Lacordaire was a convert from skepticism, a much younger man, and ready to throw his brilliant but as yet untried powers into a struggle which seemed to his zealous nature the cause only of the Catholic Church. He believed that the liberty of the Catholic faith was one of the principal objects contended for, but in his youthful energy he did not stop to consider whether a public newspaper was the fitting means for setting right such difficulties, nor did it occur to him, perhaps, that the ecclesiastical authorities would scarcely identify themselves with a rash, rebellious party, still less would they commit to such hands

the sacred cause of truth and order. Charles Montalembert was more personally attached to Lamennais (who may be looked upon as the leader of this enterprise) than seems to have been the case with Lacordaire, but the point of union was the same with all. Montalembert had been panting for action of some kind; therefore, immediately on his return from Ireland, he threw the whole force of his ardent temper into those schemes of which the *Avenir* was the organ. In the month of November, 1830, the paper was seized for two articles that offended the Government, and his only regret seemed that he had not actually connected himself with it ere this occurred. Indeed, his attachment to the undertaking had in part as its origin the fact that, to belong to a minority and to fight for a losing cause, was a recommendation to his chivalrous, enthusiastic character.

The *Avenir* was not the only instrument by which the rights of freedom were to be advocated. A society was organized, to be called the *Agence Générale pour la défense de la liberté religieuse*. The objects sought after; such as liberty in education and ecclesiastical freedom, were certainly desirable, but it is difficult to understand how men of talent, possessing any judgment, could imagine there was a clear chance of success through the means they were using. The truth is that they were enthusiasts, and expected miracles. But they had the best of causes, and their exaggerations and even their errors did not prevent them from being in the long run serviceable to that cause. There is something almost grotesque in the account of their first passage of arms in favor of education. All schools were strictly under Government direction; none were permitted to exist, except through a license and under

the control of the University of Paris. For those who were not destined to the priesthood there was no resource save the infidel influence of the public "Lycée." We have already seen what was Montalembert's verdict as to the corrupting influence of these establishments, and we can understand how cordially he would adopt any plan for the amelioration of the bad system in possession. The flagrant injustice of the existing law was made more evident by an incident at Lyons, where some choristers received gratuitous instruction from the priests. These schools were ordered to be closed by authority, and this act of tyranny provoked Lacordaire and Montalembert into active opposition. First a petition was addressed to the Chamber of Peers, praying that the promise of the Charter should be carried out. Since no reply was vouchsafed, the two friends prepared to defy authority by opening a little school in Paris, in May, 1831. The children had hardly been assembled when a commissary of the police appeared and ordered them to disperse, but no notice was taken of their interference, save that a protest was produced by Lacordaire and signed by himself and colleagues. The next day masters and pupils once more assembled, to be again broken in upon by the police. Three times the commissary ordered both masters and pupils to retire, but they were defied by all. Then force was employed; they were all summarily ejected, and the masters brought before the *Police Correctionnelle*. At about the same time the Count de Montalembert's death altered the position of Charles, raising him to the peerage, so that it became his right to be tried at the bar of the Chamber of Peers. The recent death of his father had been a real grief to him, since there had been a certain bond of sym-
 pa-

thy between them, especially in later years. However, the interest with which his recent, mourning invested him was in his favor, particularly at the tribunal at which he was to appear, and before which it was the law that his friends should also be summoned.

Lacordaire spoke first, boldly and pointedly, then Montalembert rose and conquered his hearers by an eloquence tempered by modesty; they almost forgot that he stood before them as a culprit, in the attention which they gave to him as a peer making his maiden speech. Perhaps the little spurt of defiance which was the cause of the trial, though meant in all seriousness, did not strike the judges as a very alarming act of rebellion, since their sentence, from its mildness, almost took the form of an acquittal—a gentle reprimand and a fine of a hundred francs were the penalty. But the patriots had obtained a hearing, they had pleaded their cause, perhaps they had not looked for greater results at this stage of their labors, or perhaps, as Montalembert's biographer hints, the element of perseverance was wanting.

We need not again relate the errors and exaggerations of the *Avenir*. It must be said for M. de Lamennais, that at this distance of time it seems far more strange that he should ever have been made so great a champion by churchmen, even in his earlier days, than he should have been mistrusted at the time of which we are speaking. The fact of his influence is a wonderful illustration of the power of style—he had not much else to raise him to the pinnacle from which he afterwards fell. The *Avenir* gave scope to much talent and eloquence, but it provoked opposition from all sides, even from those whose cause it had espoused, since the clergy mistrusted an advocacy which seemed

subversive of lawful authority. For rather more than a year it ran its course in spite of discouragement, full of energy and enthusiasm, advocating constantly the cause of right, but casting to the winds all reserve or prudence. At last the funds began to run short. Then, confronted with every kind of difficulty, the proprietors had to pause and think of retreat. Still there was a desire to prove that the cessation of hostilities was not a defeat. But the great question was that of doctrine. Lacordaire proposed an appeal to Rome. The idea was approved by Lamennais and Montalembert, and the three friends prepared to start for Rome in order to plead their own cause.

Lamennais, being the senior by twenty years, might have foreseen that the Holy See would hardly allow itself to be forced into an approval of a headstrong newspaper that opposed itself violently to all restraint. For the *Avenir* had proved itself a firebrand in spite of the noble self-devotion which inspired its originators. However, personal feeling must have stifled any considerations of prudence, since the travellers arrived in Rome firm and sanguine in their consciousness of right. Once there, however, a change gradually worked itself in their minds. Lacordaire, who in his ardor had proposed this journey, was soon brought to a better mind by the influences of Rome. The indifference with which the three travellers were received in Rome was their first lesson as to the view in which their imprudent zeal was regarded. A formal account of their opinions and wishes was drawn up and presented to the Holy Father. Some time elapsed before an interview was granted. At last they were presented by Cardinal de Rohan, an old friend of Montalembert's. His Holiness received them with kindness, but made no

allusion to the object of their visit. Such a reception was, perhaps, more disconcerting than reproach, but it would have been well for Lamennais, had he been satisfied with so gentle a check. After a time, a letter was brought from Cardinal Pacca, of which Lacordaire tells us—

“Its substance was that the Holy Father did justice to our good intentions, but we had treated supremely delicate questions without the moderation that was desirable; that these questions should be examined, but that in the meantime we might return to our own country, where we should be told, when the proper moment came, what the decision was.”

This was a decided rebuff, one indeed that Lamennais could not swallow, but in the conduct of the other two we may see what was the purity of their intentions. Lacordaire had referred to the decision of Rome, therefore by that decision he was content to abide, although it was to some extent an adverse one. Already the associations of the Eternal City had begun to infuse into his mind a calmer view, and thus the verdict found him prepared to submit in a manly and Catholic spirit to the judgment he had evoked. He earnestly pressed upon Lamennais the duty of submission, but finding him obdurate, he decided on withdrawing at once from the whole question. Montalembert also was docile to the voice of authority, but being more personally attached to Lamennais, he lingered on to await the result of a fresh application to the Holy See, in which Lamennais had demanded an immediate decision. But Montalembert was not spending his time in fretting over frustrated hopes. He could not suddenly snap the tie which bound him to his former master, still,

other thoughts were helping to dispel the bitterness of disappointment, which, on so young and active a mind, could hardly make too lasting an impression. He had two friends to share his less serious pursuits. These were M. Rio and Albert de la Ferronnays. The former, in his *Epilogue à l'Art Chrétien*, gives an account of their friendly meetings, such as dispels the idea of Montalembert's brooding over failure, although he exerted himself to soothe and cheer Lamennais. M. Rio writes:

“Our life was settled and regulated only from the day when we decided to join MM. De Lamennais and De Montalembert. This was a great event in the life of Albert, almost more than in my own, for my mind only derived some advantage from my subsequent relations with the Abbé de Lamennais, while Albert was to find in the friendship of M. de Montalembert, who was little older than himself, an inexhaustible sympathy with his happiness and in his suffering. We had all four a point of intellectual union, in the daily reading of one or two cantos of Dante's great epic, but neither Albert nor I were sufficiently initiated in that divine poetry, and the progress of M. De Lamennais did not answer to the high idea which we had formed of his analytical qualities, whatever subject he might apply them to. The only one among us who was capable of resolving in a manner at all satisfactory the political or historical problems which, even in the finest cantos of the *Inferno* or *Purgatorio*, distract so often the enjoyment of the reader, was M. De Montalembert, who, to our great edification, kept up this study by the side of that of the Holy Scripture, as if to draw from the very fountainhead the inspirations which were to give so much brilliancy to his after career.”

This period was quite an epoch in the life of Montalembert, for silence being imposed upon those subjects which had hitherto occupied him, he turned his full energies towards the study of Christian art. He also began already to show that interest in saintly lore which he afterwards cultivated with so much effect. When Albert de la Ferronays was recalled by his father to Naples, Montalembert, accompanied by M. Rio, took an excursion among the coasts. They visited on foot the Abbey of Monte Cassino, and the future historian of St. Benedict and his Order was keenly interested in this famous monastery. A plan was proposed for them to travel together to Siena, Bologna, Milan, and Venice, but as Lamennais refused to leave Rome, this idea was abandoned, because Montalembert could not make up his mind to desert him. However, on the 10th July, 1832, they at last left Rome, Lamennais still intent upon disseminating those revolutionary theories to which he had so obstinately attached himself, but Montalembert with his thoughts bent upon those art studies which had begun to engross him. His tastes upon these subjects were rapidly developing, and as he passed through Viterbo, Orvieto, and Siena, the Gothic architecture engrossed his attention. Siena was a city after his own heart, a thoroughly mediæval city, and the cathedral quite delighted him. He had previously visited Florence, but on that occasion had not been to St. Mark's. This time he passed many hours of enjoyment there, sometimes taken up with Fra Angelico's paintings, sometimes poring over the manuscripts of Savonarola. Then he had the opportunity of studying at leisure the Bolognese school, which he thoroughly appreciated ere he passed on through Ferrara to Venice. With Venice he was

charmed more than he had been even by Florence or Rome, "because of the sea, and the Gothic architecture;" but the impatience of Lamennais to get on to Munich shortened their wanderings. Still, with M. Rio as *cicerone*, Montalembert did not leave Venice without making brief acquaintance with its paintings. Among these, Cima de Conegliano's pleased him most. On the 4th of August, the travellers started once more in the direction of Munich, passing through the Tyrol, which, from its picturesque nature, and the religious character of the people, vividly recalled to Montalembert his tour in Ireland. At Munich his taste for the fine arts had its full gratification, while, at the same time, it was matured. He associated with Schelling, Baader, and Joseph Görres, the brothers Boisserée, and the artists, Hess, Schnorr, and Cornélius. Sulpice Boisserée was the great authority on the application of æsthetics to mediæval art; to him may be traced the idea, afterwards set in hand, of completing Cologne Cathedral.

The Pope's Encyclical, however, delivered at Munich to the Abbé De Lamennais, cut short this *séjour* after three weeks, causing a hasty return to Paris. Montalembert still continued his interest in Christian art, directing his attention at that time specially to the preservation of existing remains. On the 1st of March, 1833, he published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his well-known article, "Du Vandalisme en France." In France there has been a marked resuscitation of archæological knowledge, similar to the movement of the same nature that has been going on in our own country during the last forty years, and M. Foisset tells us that the impetus in France was owing in a great measure to this article, "Du Vandalisme." For a time Montalembert enjoyed friendly and

literary society in Paris, but a little later we hear of his making little journeys in France and Belgium. An expedition into Brittany, with M. Rio as companion, seems to have been the last occasion on which he held intercourse with Lamennais on the old footing; afterwards they corresponded, and even met, but the submission of one, and the brooding discontent of the other, gradually severed the tie that had existed between them.

On reviewing the whole episode of the *Avenir*, we can see that it did real good to those two principal actors in it who submitted to the voice of Rome, while it was fraught with the most disastrous consequences for the unhappy leader, who had been intoxicated by the applause which he had formerly received, and the flatteries of followers who were ready to tell him that he was the great genius of his age, and that he was to set the Church and Christian society on a new footing. A certain suspicion, it is true, hung about Lacordaire for a number of years; but there was nothing in his connection with the *Avenir* to prevent M. De Montalembert from becoming the leading Catholic layman in France during the reign of Louis Philippe, and, indeed, down to his own death. On the other hand, the stand made by the little band of associates was not cordially backed up by the bishops and clergy, a large number of whom were still Legitimists, believers in the necessity of a Bourbon régime for the safety of the Church almost as much as for that of the state. This is true, but the circumstances of the time gradually forced upon the Church of France, under the hostile government of the Orleans prince, an attitude of freedom and independent activity which she had never assumed under the elder Bourbons, and the state of things of which M. Foisset speaks in his *Life of Lacordaire*, under

which religion was made a matter of police, and so became the object of the hatred of the people, could no longer exist in France. The *Avenir* was full of errors, and most justly deserved its condemnation; it was, nevertheless, the first of a series of newspapers written on the religious side in France, which have done very good service to the Church, though they have not always been free from virulence, from exaggeration, from personality, and from a fault of no small heinousness in a religious organ, the encouragement of national antipathies.

At the present day no one doubts that the Church must act on the masses by means of newspapers, as by all other lawful means. The future is likely to see her far more active in the use of this instrument than hitherto, though there is something unattractive to religious minds in the autocracy, the license, the almost tyrannical and dictatorial assumption which characterize the newspaper press, and in the littleness and ignorance which so often lurk beneath the pretentious mask of omniscience and wisdom. Whatever the Church uses, she must rule—and it is very difficult for her authorities really to control the shifty and impalpable entity which calls itself the “we” of a newspaper. All this is true, and yet, nevertheless, the necessities of the case will lead, we are convinced, rather to the multiplication of Catholic organs than to any restriction of their numbers, and we may expect from them greater services than any which they have as yet rendered to the Church. M. De Montalembert, therefore, cannot be accused of any want of sagacity when he joined the little band round Lamennais in their endeavor to set on foot a newspaper which was to advocate what they were mistaken in supposing to be the Church’s cause.

IV.

WE left him at Paris, after the appearance of the Encyclical of Gregory the Sixteenth, in 1832. During the autumn of this year, Montalembert started for Germany. At first he was cheered by the society of M. Rio, whose tastes were so congenial to his present pursuits; but ere long his friend was obliged to leave him. At first life seemed very solitary to the young wanderer, who seemed without much object in his existence. Soon, however, the light of a fascinating labor broke upon his path, for it was at Marbourg, in spite of its desecrated shrine, that his devotion for "the dear St. Elizabeth" first dawned upon him. The debt we owe for one of the most winning biographies ever written of a saint, may lend an interest to the origin of his attraction to her. On the 19th of November he arrived at Marbourg, having paused in his travels in order to visit a Gothic church there, which was esteemed as a specimen of peculiar beauty and purity of style.

This church was dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and that day, by a happy coincidence, was her feast. There were some ancient paintings on wood and some mutilated sculptures, which he turned to examine. These represented a timid young woman, who displayed her mantle filled with roses to a crowned warrior. Further on the same warrior, when violently throwing open his bed, finds there Christ upon the Cross. Then, again, these two are represented tearing themselves from a farewell embrace. And further, the same young woman, more beautiful than ever, is stretched upon her deathbed, with priests and nuns weeping round her. Lastly, some bishops are disinterring a coffin, upon which a monarch is placing his crown. Montalembert ascertained that

these scenes were events in the life of St. Elizabeth, a Queen of this country, who exactly six centuries ago had died in that town, and had been buried in the church he was then visiting. In the sacristy he was shown a silver casket, which had once contained her relics, until one of her descendants, turning Protestant, had scattered them to the winds. The steps leading to the spot where the reliquary had been placed were worn by the countless pilgrims who had visited the shrine, but whose homage had ceased for the last three hundred years. He was deeply touched by the forlorn aspect of a chapel once so venerated, and began to study the life of that saint whose feast he had accidentally been the only one to honor.

The more M. De Montalembert gained acquaintance with the subject the more enchanted he grew, till a sentiment of chivalrous devotion towards the sainted Queen quite took possession of him. His project of writing her life was not hastily carried out. The treasures of German piety and art were ransacked to obtain information; towns, castles, and churches were visited for the same purpose. At last the life of her, who was called in Germany the "dear Saint," was enshrined in one of the most charming books ever written in France upon such subjects. A tender recollection gave this life an additional interest to Montalembert. His sister, to whom he had so warmly attached himself, and whom he had so soon lost, had been named Elise; to her memory, therefore, he dedicated the fruit of his pious labors. Regarding this book, M. Foisset writes with great truth—

"To M. De Montalembert is special glory due before God and men, in that he was so spontaneously captivated by this life, so unlike to what is modern, that he appreciated

it as he did, and that he was able to reveal it as he did. It is true the subject was exquisite, but who had then any taste for such things? Who had any idea of their charm? I am a contemporary; I was a full-grown man in 1836. Well, I declare that at that period the word 'legend' was universally a term of contempt; no one imagined the poetic treasures contained in the lives of the saints, particularly those written in the middle ages. I say more; scarcely was it really known what a saint was, so thoroughly had Jansenism led to the impression that sanctity was something narrow and stiff, melancholy and severe, so that Sainte Beuve, at the beginning of his *Port Royal*, is half scandalized at St. Francis of Sales's 'excess of honey.' M. De Montalembert possessed the merit of being free from this twist, and consequently, of being able to yield freely to his own natural impressions in reading the hagiographical works of the thirteenth century. In his mind there was no shadow of rationalism; faith was instinctive to him. The lives of mediæval saints charmed his imagination while they roused his piety; he felt their power without discussing it, and it is this perfect *laissez aller* which makes the *History of Saint Elizabeth* so pleasing.

"Truly St. Elizabeth is a delightful saint. From four years of age espoused to a child of Ellen, Louis of Thuringia, in Central Hungary, a country half unknown, half Oriental, she was brought to her betrothed in a silver cradle. She was brought up with him as a sister at that brilliant Court of Thuringia, which possessed Wolfram d'Eschenbach and Henri d'Ofterdingen, the two most celebrated poets of mediæval Germany. From her earliest years Elizabeth showed a marked sanctity, but even this sanctity renders her obnoxious to the profane, who wish to send her back ignomini-

ously to her father. The young Landgrave alone remains faithful to her, and directly he is at the head of the state, he marries her. The most chaste and simple tenderness preside at their union; their conjugal life is the very ideal of wedded love, and it can be asserted in agreement with M. De Montalembert that among all the saints, no saint has shown in the same degree as St. Elizabeth, a perfect and charming type of a Christian wife. Yet amidst all this human happiness, amidst the joys of maternity, the homage and magnificence of a chivalrous Court, her soul was raised by mortification and humility, and by the most fervent piety, towards the source of eternal love. And the germs of this higher life blossom in an unlimited charity and an unfailing care for the sufferings of the poor. However, the imperative call of the Crusade, the absolute necessity of delivering the sepulchre of Jesus, drags her young husband far from her. She accompanies him far beyond the frontier of their own country. The strength and tenderness of her heart may be proved by her despair on the day of parting, and again, when she heard of her beloved husband's death. But this separation over, God reigns alone in her heart. Misfortune seems to delight in pursuing her; she is brutally driven from the royal residence; with her little children she wanders in the streets a prey to cold and hunger. Still even when her wrongs are remedied, she is never again reconciled to the world. Left a widow at twenty years of age, in all the lustre of her beauty, she scorns the hand of the most powerful princes, and with Christ she contracts her second indissoluble union. She seeks Him and serves Him in the person of the unfortunate; when nothing more is left to her, she gives herself up to them, and consecrates her life to rendering them

the most repulsive services. In vain does her father, the King of Hungary, send an ambassador to bring her back to him. The noble envoy finds her at her spinning wheel, determined to prefer heaven before all the regal splendor of her earthly country. In exchange for her austerities, her voluntary poverty, the yoke of obedience under which she daily yields her whole existence, the Divine Spouse grants her supernatural joy and power; a look, a prayer from her, suffices to heal the sufferings of her brethren. At last, in the flower of her age, but ripe for eternity, she dies singing a triumphal chant which is heard re-echoed by the angels of heaven.

"Thus, in the twenty-four years of her life, we see her in turn a foreign and persecuted orphan, a modest and winning wife, a woman of unrivalled tenderness, a fruitful and devoted mother, a sovereign by her benefactions rather than her rank; then a cruelly oppressed widow, a sinless penitent, an austere religious, a true sister of charity, a fervent and favored spouse of our Lord, who honors her by miracles before calling her to Himself; in fine, through all the vicissitudes of life, always faithful to her fundamental characteristic, to that perfect simplicity which is the sweetest and most fragrant perfume of love."

The approaching marriages of M. Rio and of Albert de la Ferronays touched another cord in the heart of Montalembert, and considering that he was then about twenty-four, we are provoked to a smile by the *naïve* regrets he expresses at his own lonely position. In November, 1834, we hear of him in Italy with his friends, Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronays, where he filled all the little offices of kindness which Albert's delicate health made acceptable, even so far

as to fulfil the duties which a servant might have rendered. But this pleasant *réunion* was broken up in January of the following year, when Montalembert returned homewards and settled in Paris, as the time drew near when, having reached the requisite age of twenty-five, he should take his seat in the House of Peers. It is not our purpose at present to follow him into his public career, but we can imagine a certain satisfaction to him in settling in the sphere of duty, spite of the pleasures that had been scattered over his foreign rambles. Lacordaire was already settled again in Paris, and winning fame as a preacher in his celebrated conferences. Madame Swetchine received him with cordiality, and M. Rio was established within reach.

At this time he placed in order the materials that he had gleaned for the *History of St. Elizabeth*. But rather than follow him into the opening scenes of his political labors, we would leave his political life aside for a time, and anticipate a little, so as to complete this sketch of his early years with a record of that event which was the fulfilment of his half melancholy aspirations, when he looked on at the happiness of Albert de la Ferronays. Circumstances prevent the publication of such full details regarding Montalembert's wooing and marriage as his claims on our notice might lead us to desire. But it may well be conceived his was not an alliance of family convenience, such as is frequent in France. In the early spring of 1836, he became acquainted with the daughter of Count Felix de Merode, belonging to one of the noblest families of Belgium. In August of the same year they were married. Their wedding tour was through Switzerland to Italy, and together they visited those scenes, some of joy, some of sadness, which were twined in the memory of Monta-

lembert. Nor were they cut off from all links with the past, for Lacordaire was present sharing his old close intercourse with Montalembert. Very shortly after this, he entered the Order of St. Dominic. The young couple lingered

awhile in the South, but by the month of May they had returned to Paris, where Montalembert resumed his active share in public questions. But here, for the present, we must leave him.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE moon was shining brightly—shining over the frozen snow which covered the fields and roads round Haverton—the bells of the little village church rang out a merry Christmas peal, and Kate Howard listened with a thrill of pain, which brought the tears to her eyes, because of the memories which came surging into her heart of Christmas times in earlier, brighter days—gone now forever.

Listening to them it seemed as if she was a child again—a happy child, falling asleep with the sweet sound ringing in her ears—to dream of presents and cheerful gatherings of friends on the following day; it was always so happy until that sad night—a Christmas night, too—when her first great sorrow came; the death of her mother.

Ah! how well Kate remembered that—remembered being led up to the quiet room, her little heart breaking fast with fear, to see her mother; to be lifted upon the bed, to receive her last kiss, and feel the clasp of loving hands while that dear mother bade her listen and never, never forget her words.

And then she had told Kate that she was going away—quite away from her little girl, but that God would always take care of her, and His Blessed Mother would watch over her and love her; and that at last, if she tried to be good they

would meet again, never to be separated any more.

Kate understood it all then—she seemed to know her mother was dying, and she wondered she had never thought of it before, and in an agony of bitter crying, she clung to her, begging her not to go away, not to leave her, until some one had carried her from the room giving her in charge of her nurse, who had tried to soothe her as she lay sleepless and frightened in her little bed.

Kate recollected how the Christmas bells had been ringing then—how she had listened to them, wondering how there could be any such thing as gladness when she was so sad, until at last she fell asleep, to wake next morning—Christmas morning—and find that she was motherless! And she remembered, too, how—failing to pacify her—her father had carried her himself over the snow to kneel before the Christmas Crib in the little church near by, and that she had clasped her small hands and begged the Holy Child Jesus to love and comfort her, because she was such a sorrowful little girl who had no mother.

Many years had come and gone since then, but as Kate Howard stood looking out over the frozen snow at the bright moonlight listening to the bells of Haverton Church,

it was as if she was a little child—living over once more her early pain.

There passed before her next, the memory of her old home, "Sunnyside." The quaint old many-gabled house where she had been born and lived for eighteen years, until she left it wilfully and rashly—left those who loved her so fondly to try another love which had not proved so true.

That had been Christmas-time, too, when, regardless of all advice, she married George Howard, and went amongst new scenes and new faces which at first charmed, but quickly wearied her.

Not of her own faith—the one true faith in which her mother died—how could there be union between them? And yet Kate had tried to think it might be so, even bright visions of winning her husband to love what she did, had passed through her mind—visions which never were realized. Far, far away from home influences, away from the care and advice of the priest who had watched over all her life, Kate grew careless, and, though not untrue to her faith in name, she was untrue in heart. So in all the sorrows that came so thickly, she had no strength to bear them.

So five years rolled by, during which she drifted further and further from God, until she had well-nigh forgotten Him; forgotten the happy time when she had been trying to follow in the footsteps of the Saviour who brought Christmas joy into the world's darkness.

Now, Kate was alone in the little village of Haverton, where her husband had died not many weeks before, whose gravestone she could see from her window, glistening in the moonlight which shone upon its covering of snow. With all his faults, Kate had loved and mourned for him truly. She had made no great demonstration at his death;

she had received his last breath upon her lips, and stood by as he was laid to rest in the village churchyard; and then quietly, and without a murmur, she had come back alone, hiding her pain so closely in her heart that none might know it was there.

But now she was awakening to a sense of the love she had left; to a longing for the old home which she had never seen during the five years since she made her wilful choice. During that time, there had been little communication between Kate Howard and her family, until at last it had wholly ceased; for she had begged them not to come to her—not even to write to her—lest they might reproach her, or remind her of her mistake.

Since she had grown so cold to her religion, she had concealed herself still more from all who knew her in former times; and she had been glad when her husband went to Haverton, where they were quite unknown; where there was neither priest nor church, nor Catholic to awaken regrets and longings which she had tried so long to crush and kill.

But those Christmas bells were softening her. Bringing back early memories of the past; telling her, too, of another bell, far, far away, which even then would be sounding for midnight Mass in the little chapel near her childhood's home, where there would still be those she loved to pray for her during the Holy Sacrifice; pray for her return to God, and who all loved her. Then a great longing seized her to see them all again, to be in Morton; to look at her mother's grave; to go and kneel in the little church, where she had knelt a tiny child, by that dear dead mother's side; even to go and tell all her weariness, all her wandering, to the good priest whose warn-

ing she had refused to heed, and so receive God's blessing, God's pardon, that holy Christmas time.

Weary—so sadly weary of life! Disappointed—so sorely disappointed in all her glaring visions of brightness, it seemed to her that if she could but lay down all her burden at the foot of the Cross once more she would be so glad to die, if in dying there might be peace and rest.

Slowly the hours passed. The moonlight faded; the bells had long ceased; the stars began to grow pale, and still Kate Howard watched at her window. During that long night her resolve was made: on Christmas morning she would journey to Morton, crushing the pride which had made her declare she would never more return there. Yes, she would go home and try to make up for all the past by filling her father's heart with gladness, and so make him indeed a happy Christmas.

"Sunnyside," the old gabled house where Mr. Conway had lived so many years, was looking its brightest that Christmas Day, although the trees were leafless, those trees in which the birds sang lustily all summer-time. They had a graceful covering of snow, on which the sunshine sparkled brilliantly, and inside the old house was as gay as laurel and ivy and holly could make it. The huge fires burned brightly, and a cheerful party were seated at the long dining-table on which the silver and chinaglistened. Sons and sons' wives, and prattling little grandchildren were there, and yet Mr. Conway was quiet—almost sad. Christmas memories had more of pain than of pleasure for him. For it was Christmas when his gentle loving wife had been taken from him. Since then he had closed her memory securely in his heart; having lost her he must go the rest of the way alone, living for God

and the children God had given him. But more sorrowfully, when Christmas came, he thought of Kate, his one only daughter—more sorrowfully, for he felt it would have been so much easier to lay her by her mother's side, with her simple love and trust in God and truth unsullied, than know she had left all when she had left her home. Yet he fancied she would return to him; yet he fancied there would be a day—perhaps a Christmas day—when she would come and kneel down by his side, and, bowing her bright head, whisper, "Father, Kate has come back to you." And the thought brought tears into his eyes, which his eldest little granddaughter noticed (she was a Kate too) and kissed away with her red lips, giving him a loving little squeeze with her small hand, and so the Christmas dinner went on, until all the excitement of the children at the glorious spectacle of the plum-pudding was over, the wine was passed round, but no healths were drank, no names mentioned. Since Kate left Sunnyside Mr. Conway could not bear that.

Presently some children came and sang a carol before the windows, which made them all silent, almost sorrowful; the elder of the party lost in past memories, the little ones quiet, they scarcely knew why—and so in the hush a ring at the bell sounded through the house, and a little bustle of arrival aroused Mr. Conway from his dreams.

"Father Maitland's voice, Ernest," he said to his eldest son. "Go and bring him in to join our Christmas party."

And Ernest left the room to find their friend; but not alone. Some one was with him; a lady, tall and graceful, closely veiled, and covered with many wrappings to protect her from the cold. Five minutes later Ernest Conway rejoined

the group at the table, who were wondering at his absence.

"Where is he? Where is Father Maitland? Why does he not come in?" said all together. And then Ernest explained that the priest was not alone; he had an unexpected visitor.

"Bring the visitor too—Sunny-side has a welcome for all at Christmas-time," said Mr. Conway. Next moment a graceful form, clothed in

deepest black, was kneeling by his side, bright golden hair was bowed before him, and a sweet voice, which had so long been hushed to him, said, "Father, Kate has come back to you." At last his wish was granted, his dreams proved true, and he knew then Kate was his own daughter brought back to him ever more—back to home, and God and faith and peace, by the sound of the Christmas Bells.

AUTHORS OF THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY.*

"*A solis ortus cardine ad usque terræ limitem*," is recited at Lauds on Christmas day. They are the first seven stanzas of the so-called "Hymnus Abecedarius," of Cælius Sedulius. It received its title from the fact that it is a Life of Christ in twenty-three stanzas, corresponding to the letters of the Latin alphabet; the first word in each stanza beginning with a corresponding letter of the alphabet. He was the author of various works, but his best is the "Opus Paschale," a poem in five books. It may be remarked, in passing, that the first stanza of his "Hymnus Abecedarius" is stolen from St. Ambrose. He died bishop of Acharia about the middle of the fifth century.

"*Æterne rerum conditur*," recited during Lauds on Sundays, is by St. Ambrose, and quoted with great approbation by St. Augustine in his work "De Retractionibus."

"*Ales diu nuntius*," recited during the Lauds of Feria tertia, was written by Prudentius Clemens. Born in the year 348 in Saragossa, Spain. He commenced life as a lawyer, rose to the Prefecture under Theodosius, and returned to private

life in his old age, where he pursued with renewed vigor the studies of his youth. He was looked upon as the greatest poet of his age. "The Crowns," where he scatters over the graves of the early martyrs, flowers of poetry, with great vigor, terseness, and chastity of diction, is unquestionably his best work. The hymn beginning as above is the first of his "Cathemerinon," a collection of hymns for every day of the year. The hymns commencing as follows are by the same author.

"*Audit tyrannus anxius*," recited on the Festival of the Holy Innocents.

"*Lux ecce surgit aurea*," is the second of his Cathemerinon, but slightly changed.

"*Nox et tenebræ et nubila*," recited during Lauds of Feria quarta, is his twelfth hymn.

"*O sola magnarum urbium major Bethlehem*," said on Epiphany, is part of the same hymn.

"*Quecunque Christum quæritis*," recited for the Feast of the Transfiguration, is a part of the same.

"*Salvete flores martyrum*," for the Feast of the Holy Innocents,

* Continued from the August Number.

is also an extract from the same twelfth hymn.

"*Ut quæant laxis*," recited during the Vespers of St. John the Baptist, was written by Paul the Deacon, whose real name was Paul Warnefrid, one of those learned men whom Charlemagne drew to his court. He is chiefly known as the author of "*Historia Longobardorum*." This hymn is principally noted from the fact that Guido, the Benedictine of Arezzo, drew from it his musical notes, ut, re, mi, fa, so, la. The other hymns for the same festival commencing, "*Autra deserti*," and "*O minis felix meritique celsi*," are parts of the "*Ut quærant laxis*."

"*Beata nobis gaudia*," a hymn for Pentecost, was composed by St. Hilary, of Poitiers, the brightest ornament of the Church of Gaul. He was an intrepid defender and luminous expounder of Catholic doctrine. In his struggles against Arianism he suffered the fate of almost all its opponents—exile. From his writings still extant and the testimony of contemporaries he seems to have been an impassioned speaker. His greatest work is that of "*De Trinitate*." He died in the year 379.

"*Beate Pastor Petre*," recited in the Festival of Sts. Peter and Paul, was written by Elpis, wife of Bœthius. The genius of the author of "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," seems apparent in this poem. It recalls to our minds the checkered career and sad fate of the "last of the Romans." Brave in life he was braver in death, and the consolations of a philosophic and religious spirit were echoed from his prison in the swanlike tones of dying eloquence. "Quenched in his blood," says Hallam, "the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light; the language of Tully and Virgil soon ceased to be spoken, and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence

restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Bœthius."

"*Decora lux*," for the same Festival, is by the same writer, though so changed as to be scarcely recognized.

"*Egregie Doctor Paule*," is by the same.

"*Christe Sanctorum decus Angelorum*," for the Feast of St. Gabriel, was written by Rabanus Maurus. It is sufficient to say of him that he was a disciple of Alcuin, and that the master need not blush for his pupil. He figured prominently in the theological discussions excited by the errors of Gotscale.

The hymn commencing "*Te splendor et vertus patris*," for the Festival of St. Michael, is also by him.

"*Christo profusum sanguinem*," in the Matins for the Canon of Martyrs, is taken almost literally from a hymn of St. Ambrose, beginning "*Æterna Christi Numerus*," recited in the Canon of Apostles.

"*Cælestis aquæ nuptias*," on the Feast of St. Juliana, is by Francesco Lorenzini, a Florentine, and biographer of the Saints.

"*Censors paterne luminis*," in the Matins of Feria tertia, is the tenth hymn of St. Ambrose.

"*Panxe lingua gloriosi lameam certamenus*," said on Passover and Palm Sundays, is by Venantius Fortunatus, the celebrated author of "*Ave Maria Stella*." Born in the year 530, he died in 609. Almoner of the monastery of Poitiers, under St. Radegundes, he subsequently became bishop of the same city. He has left us miscellaneous treatises on various subjects, in prose and poetry, dedicated to St. Gregory, of Tours.

"*Crux fidelis inter omnes*," is a continuation of the same.

"*Lustra sex qui jam peregit*," recited in the Feasts of Passion

Sunday and on the Inventio et Exaltatio St. Crucis, is also a continuation of the same.

"*Vexilla regis prodeunt*," is also by the same author. It was composed on the occasion of the reception, at the monastery of Poitiers, of a piece of the true cross, sent by the Emperor Justin II to St. Radegundes (A.D. 570).

"*Domare cordis impetus*," said on the Festival of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, is by Pope Urban VIII.

"*Opes decusque regum reliqueras*," is for the same festival, and by the same author.

"*Hæc est dies que Candida*," said on the Feast of St. Theresa, is by the same author.

"*Regis superni mutia*," for the same feast is by the same author.

"*Regali solis fortis Iberiæ*," for the Feast of St. Hermenigild, is by the same author.

"*Nullis te genitor blanditiis*," is a continuation of the same.

"*Lux alma Jesu mentium*," was also written by the same author for the Festival of the Transfiguration, but seems to be a very close imitation of St. Bernard.

"*Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini*," and also "*Tu natale sulum protege*," on the Feast of St. Martina, are ascribed to the same author. These specimens from the writings of Maffæo Barbarini, better known as Pope Urban VIII, prove that he was not wholly undeserving of the title of the "Attic Bee," which flatterers gave him. They are the outpourings of a pious and tender spirit, giving vent to passionate yearnings through the lyric muse.

"*Custodes hominum psallimus angelos*," hymn of the Feast of the "Angel Guardians," is by Cardinal Bellarmine. He is also the author of the hymn commencing "*Pater superni luminis*," of the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene, though ascribed by many to Odo of Clugny.

"*Summi parentis unice*," for the same Festival, is a continuation of the same hymn.

"*Miris modis repente liber*," for the Festival of St. Peter in chains, was written by Paulinus, of Nola.

"*Quod cunque in orbet nexibus*," for the Feast of St. Peter, is a continuation of the same. Every one has heard of St. Paulinus, of Nola, in Campania, the inventor of church bells.

"*Ecce jam nactis tonnatur umbra*," for the Lauds of Sunday, is by St. Gregory the Great.

"*Maria Castes osculis*," for the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene, is by the same.

"*Primo dei quo Trinitas*," for Matins of Sunday, is by the same author.

"*Rerum Creator optime*," for the Matins of Feria IV, is also by the same.

"*Tu Trinitatis unitas*," in the Matins of Feria VI, is also by the same.

It will be sufficient to quote from the "Monks of the West" what this great Pope has done for the subject under consideration. The name of the Gregorian Chant reminds us of his solicitude for collecting the ancient melodies of the Church, in order to subject them to the rules of harmony, and to arrange them according to the requirements of divine worship. He had the glory of giving to ecclesiastical music that sweet and solemn, and, at the same time, popular and durable character, which has descended through ages, and to which we must always return, after the most prolonged aberrations of frivolity and innovation. He made out himself the collection of ancient and new chants; he composed the text and music of several hymns which are still used by the Church; he established at Rome the celebrated school of religious music, to which Gaul, Germany, England, all the Christian nations, came in turn,

trying with more or less success to assimilate their voices to the purity of Italian modulations.

A pleasant legend, much esteemed in the middle ages, shows the great effect which the services of Gregory had produced on all nations. According to this tale, it was in considering the fascination exercised by profane music, that he was led to inquire whether he could not, like David, consecrate music to the service of God. And as he dreamed of this subject one night, he had a vision in which the Church appeared to him under the form of a muse, magnificently adorned, who, while she wrote her songs, gathered all her children under the folds of her mantle; and upon this mantle was written the whole art of music; with all the forms of its tones, notes, and various measures and symphonies. The Pope prayed God to give him the power of recollecting all that he saw; and after he awoke, a dove appeared, who dictated to him the musical compositions with which he has enriched the Church.

"*Jesu dulcis memoria*," recited on the Feast of the Holy Name, is by St. Bernard.

"*Jesu rex admirabilis*," and "*Jesu decus angelicum*," for the same Feast, are continuations of the same hymn.

It is unnecessary to characterize the style of the "Honeyed Doctor." The testimony of one able to judge describes it as "spirited and flowery; his thoughts ingenious; his imagination brilliant and rich in allegories." We give the first three stanzas as a specimen:

I.

Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia;
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis presentia.

II.

Nil conitur sauvius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesu, Dei Filius.

III.

Jesu spes poenitentibus
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus te quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus.

"*Veni Creator Spiritus*," the hymn of Pentecost.

Darras says that the first mention he finds of the antiquity of this hymn, is when all the sessions of the Council of Rheims, in 1049, were opened by singing it. He further states the author is unknown.

Formerly it was ascribed to Charlemagne, but manuscripts have been discovered of a much older date. Many, with great probability, ascribe it to Gregory the Great. Bishop Hefele especially holds this opinion.

"*Splendor paternæ gloriæ*," the Laud of Feria II, is the seventh hymn of St. Ambrose.

"*Fortem virili pectore*," in the Commune non Virginum, is by Cardinal Sylvius Antoninus, who died in 1603.

"*Pange lingua gloriosi*;" "*Verbum supernum prodiens*," and "*Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia*," three hymns for the Festival of Corpus Christi, are by St. Thomas Aquinas.

Who has not heard of the Angel of the Schools? The story is well known how the Holy Father had ordered St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure to write an office for Corpus Christi.

Truly here was a subject worthy of the highest intellect! The priest at the altar has but to whisper five little words, and in his hands a revolution takes place more wondrous than the upheaving of worlds. The Infinite subjects himself to the finite; Omnipotence seems powerless; the Creator is at the mercy of his creature. These and many other seeming impossibilities were to be explained, and the goodness of God extolled, for the office was not to be an explanation of the dogma only, but a continued

hymn of praise. The Saints to whom the task had been intrusted were the greatest men of their age, and by these precious writings had proved their ability—as far as human ability can go—to do justice to the theme. The seraphic Doctor by his “*Brevilogium*” and his “*Minerarium meritis ad Deum*,” showed how he merited his title, and the angelic Doctor, according to the well-known legend, had the consolation to hear, “*Bene de me scripscisti, Thoma.*” When the eventful day arrived upon which the decision was to be made, both repaired to the appointed place. St. Thomas commenced to read. He had not proceeded far when St. Bonaventure seized his own manuscript. A few pages further having been read, the Saint, wrapt in the most profound attention, slowly commenced to tear his manuscript, and as Saint Thomas finished the last page, *his* last page was consigned to the flames. Such is the rivalry of the Saints! Nor need we wonder that St. Bonaventure was so astonished at the result. Prose and poetry together St. Thomas has said, within the short compass of office with an

octave, all that could be said on the Blessed Sacrament! He has abridged his own “*Summa.*” The three short pieces mentioned above, while they reach the highest flights of poetry, have reached the lowest depths of theology.

This closes the list of hymns whose authors we know. In reading them we are struck with their energetic and beautiful simplicity. This seems to be the prevailing characteristic. When the old romancers and ballad writers wished to describe an historic event, they did so in the fewest possible words, without ornament and without artifice. And what force and beauty and dramatic power are given to them by this circumstance admirers of Percy’s *Reliques* and Ossian’s *Fingal* can testify. It was with something of this spirit many of the hymns above mentioned were composed. Theirs was, indeed, the “piping sound of peace,” not the long loud blast of the war horn, but they entered into the spirit of their subjects with the same ardor, and—we need not dread to say it—oftentimes with the same glorious results.

VISIT TO GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

It was a beautiful day in July; the morning sun shone brilliantly; scarcely a cloud floated in the heavens; a gentle breeze crept over the face of nature; nature’s soft mantle of green overspread the earth; everything led the mind to the contemplation of God’s omnipotence, and of man’s mysterious existence and everlasting destiny. Wrapt in such reflections, I moved slowly on, until at length the monuments bearing the symbol of Christianity, and the trees waving

majestically in the grateful breeze, told me that I was just entering the home of the dead—the silent and sad abode of the deceased and fallen children of humanity. I passed through the gateway, and lo! what a spectacle of death appeared on every side. I stood—I paused; and at once my mind was crowded with recollections too intense to conceive or to describe. There I beheld the marble raised to the memory of the loving mother, the affectionate father, the spotless

daughter, the beloved son, the faithful friend, the pious Christian, and the devoted patriot. Yes; on those cold, stony monuments, I saw the sign of redemption, the emblems of religion, the lights to heaven, and the recognized tokens of fame, piety, genius, and patriotism. I read on the mouldering tombs the names of the young and the old, the beautiful and the lovely, the unsullied innocence of childhood and youth, and the sterling worth of well-tryed, aged manhood. There was plainly visible the husband's fond attachment for the endeared one of his heart, snatched from his embrace by cruel Death, and laid in the gloom of the tomb; there was the wife's fidelity carved on the polished marble; there the children's affection sealed on the urn of their parents' smouldering remains; brother's love for sister, sister for brother; and, lastly, the last tribute of love and affection from friend to friend. No person alive to sensibility could gaze on such a scene without the deepest feelings of emotion.

I observed on one tomb, first the name of a dear wife, separated from a beloved husband; there she lay in the dreary and dismal sleep of death; but, to her bosom, and reposing thereon, were gathered the dearest objects of her maternal heart, two lovely little children; and if to complete the urn of kindred ashes, and to concentrate kindred love, there rested the beloved of those hearts, who had sorrowfully consigned to their last resting-place those in whom his life and happiness were placed. One family, I said, thus gathered together, resting on one another in the arms of death—one tomb containing their bodies, one monument proclaiming to living humanity, "In life we were *one* in heart and affections; in death we sleep in each other's arms, mingling our ashes, reposing until the awful day, when

at the thundering sound of the Archangel's trumpet we shall rise again as one united family, to live in the beatific presence of God for endless ages." Well, methought, looking round and pondering, this world is nothing but a passing dream. Here we are a few years, then doomed to sleep for ages in the habitations of death. Such a scene is sufficient to convince us of the shortness of time and of the wisdom and happiness of those who treat this earth as a temporary dwelling on our short journey to heaven. As I advanced, I became deeply affected with the objects on which my eyes rested; meditated in mute astonishment on the testimonies of true love and deepfelt remembrance that adorned the carved stones, raised to the departed spirits, and that bedecked with the choicest flowers the green sod that pressed the bosoms of those numbered amongst the dead. Observing a high and cross-crowned monument, which bore a strong resemblance to the ancient "round towers" of old Erin, and in consequence of years' absence from Ireland, being unacquainted with the object of its erection, I sought information respecting it. And how joyously did my heart throb when I was told that it was erected to the memory of O'Connell! I hastened towards it with all the national enthusiasm that such is capable of producing. I thought it looked bare, as indeed it stands unadorned, save "the sign in which we conquer;" but still I said a glorious idea that the perpetuation of the "Round Towers" should be dedicated to one so worthy of the land of his birth, and so justly deserving of the veneration of Irishmen, and of the admiration of the world. I examined its structure and its position with endeared affection, and I remarked, "Is this to commemorate the memory of the great patriot and Christian hero?" Ireland's

past existence—her glories and her sufferings, and the hopes of her future national elevation flashed across my mind. I then directed my course to the present resting-place of the “Immortal Liberator;” I gazed on his silent abode; I observed the plants that hung over and the beauteous flowers that perfumed the lifeless body of Ireland’s devoted son and unflinching defender; I looked on the simple inscription, “O’Connell,” and fervently said, “How consoling to think that spirit that tenanted and animated that lifeless body now reposes in the presence of God, in the possession of his glory, and in the enjoyment of never-ending bliss in God’s bright and immortal kingdom.” Happy I fancied must it be to live, to die, and to be buried so. Life is only a small portion of an eternity of existence. What are the joys and

possessions of the world to a man when placed in the dismal and solitary habitations of the dead? On returning homeward I saw an open grave, looked into it, noticed an infant’s coffin, not much decayed, resting on another, considerably a sufferer by the wasting hand of time. The breastplate was partially visible, the coffin nearly broken, and I asked myself, “What is man? and how talk of the amusements of society with such a scene before the eyes?” I could not contemplate it long. I directed my steps homewards to the bustle and confusion of active life; but I learned more by this day’s serious meditation than ever I gleaned from the most eloquent sermon. I shall never forget the impression that it produced on my mind, and I believe no one could fail gaining a lesson of deep interest and useful instruction from such a scene.

NEW YEAR’S EVE.

LADEN with memories of tears and laughter;
 Of sin and loving faith, and joy and woe;
 Of warfare that shall live in fame hereafter;
 Into the past the Old Year turns to go,
 Looking upon the world with loving eyes,
 Once more before he dies.

Then, a young warrior in armor mailed,
 The New Year entereth the sleeping world,
 And greets in awe his home with snow-robcs veiled;
 While in his hand he holds his flag unfurled,
 Whereon are writ the destinies of fate
 That his long reign await.

Their eyes encounter, the old man’s and the stranger’s:
 The meek New Year reveres the kingly form,
 Austere with myriad griefs and world-felt dangers,
 And owns that nobly he has passed the storm,
 And sighs, “May it be granted unto me
 To do great things like thee!”

But the Old Year, in sorrowful contrition,
 Beholds the warrior's robe that bears no stain :
 "Ah! that my countless sins could gain remission,
 And I, as thee, be young and pure again."
 In fervent agony the Old Year cries,
 "Pray for my sins," and dies.

As his last breath ascends, the stillness breaking,
 Glad Christmas-music, from a thousand bells,
 Mingles two voices in their glad awaking;
 One, pealing forth a myriad-parting knell
 For the pale dead,—the other, loud and clear,
 Greeting the new-born Year.

ABOUT FOOD AND COOKERY.

DESTINED by Providence to wander over the globe, and to live in various climes, man is essentially an omnivorous animal. According to the country he inhabits, its productions and the nature of his pursuits, his mode of living differs. The inhabitant of cold and sterile regions on the borders of the ocean becomes ichthyophagous, and fish, dried, smoked, or salted, is his principal nutriment. The bold huntsman lives upon the game he pursues; while the nomadian shepherd supports himself on the milk of his flock. In warm countries, fruits and vegetables constitute the chief support of life; and the disciples of Pythagoras can luxuriate on the rich produce of a bountiful soil, solely debarring themselves from beans, which, like all flesh, they consider to have been created by putrefaction. These people and other vegetarians would be in a starving condition if they were obliged to partake of the banqueting of the stunted natives of the Arctic regions, who feed upon whales, and drink deep potations of train-oil, and consider the warm blood of the seal an exquisite bev-

erage, dried herrings moistened with blubber a dainty, and the flesh of the seal, half frozen in snow during winter, or half corrupted in the earth in summer, the most delicious morsel. The semi-barbarous Russians, who, during the wars in the early part of this century, enjoyed the abundant bills of fare of France and Italy, accustom themselves easily to their disgusting diet; and their troops, who live amongst the Samoiedes, thrive uncommonly well on raw flesh and reindeer-blood. It is in temperate regions that man displays his omnivorous propensities; there animal food can be abundantly procured; and every description of grain, roots, and fruits, easily cultivated. It is as we pass from these middle climes towards the poles, that animal substances are more exclusively consumed; and towards the equator that we enjoy refreshing fruits, and nourishing roots and vegetables. So scarce is food in some tracts of the globe, that we find the wandering Indian satisfying his cravings with earth and clay; and Humboldt informs us that the Ottomaques, on the banks of the Oronoco, feed on

a fat unctuous earth, in the choice of which they display great epicurean skill, and which they knead into balls of four or six inches in diameter, and bake slowly over the fire. When about to be used, these clods are soaked in water, and each individual consumes about a pound of them in the day; the only addition which they occasionally make to this strange fare consists in small fish, lizards, and fern-roots. A most erroneous idea has prevailed regarding the use of animal food, which has been considered as the best calculated to render mankind robust and courageous. This is disproved by observation. The miserable and timid inhabitants of Northern Europe and Asia are remarkable for their moral and physical debility, although they chiefly live on fish or raw flesh; whereas the athletic Scotch and Irish are certainly superior to their English neighbors, though consuming but little meat. The strength and agility of the negroes is well known, and the South Sea Islanders can vie in bodily exercises with our stoutest seamen. There is reason to believe that, at the most triumphant periods of Grecian and Roman power, their armies were principally subsisted upon bread, vegetables, and fruits.

The diversity of substances which we find in the catalogue of articles of food is as great as the variety with which the art or the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their *athletæ*, and in this respect they rivalled the rare and excellent intelligence of the modern Briton, who is proud of his esteem for roast beef. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was highly prized, their heels more especially. Donkey-flesh was in high repute. Mæcenas, accord-

ing to Pliny, delighted in it; and the wild ass, brought from Africa, was compared to venison. During the siege of Oporto, in 1833, we feasted gorgeously on a haunch of a very grave donkey, and were satisfied not to partake of the costly *entremets* of rats and mice. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation; and the pig, now consigned to plebeian rank, was, in the grand old times, called "the animal born for banquets." Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Plutarch tells us that the gravid sow was actually trampled to death, to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times, pigs were slaughtered with red-hot spits, that the blood might not be lost. Stuffing a pig with assafœtida and various small animals, was a luxury called "*porcus Trojanus*;" alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs, and foxes, were also much admired by the Romans; who were also so fond of various birds, that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. We are informed how to drown fowls in Falérnian wine, to render them more luscious and tender. We are sure that our California or Wheeling "*vinum merum et purum*;" would serve as well; and we are willing to impart the secret to any subscriber for two numbers of the "*Record*," at a seasonable time before dinner. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and deemed at one time such a rarity, that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. When travelling over the Gunpowder Creek, we sometimes pitied the fate of Apicius and Lucullus, who never tasted a canvas-back. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price, that Varro informs us they fetched

yearly upwards of ten thousand dollars of our money. The guinea-fowl was considered delicious; but, wretched people! the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which modern Europeans owe to the Jesuits. Who could vilify the disciples of Loyola after this information! Bismarck, thou dolt! very soon you will be in chancery with Mr. Rives, and when you cry out for a morsel of turkey, Father Roothan will refer you to the joys of sauer-kraut. The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. The boasting about "modern thought and civilization" may be subdued a few notes when our nineteenth century gastronome is informed that he owes his delicious fattened duck and goose livers—the inestimable *foies gras* of France—to the sagacity of the ancients. The swan was also fattened by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised by people of taste.

While the feathered creation was doomed to form part of ancient delights, the waters yielded their share of enjoyments, and several fishes were immortalized. The *Muræna Helena* was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice. "Natat ad magistrum delicata muræna," says Martial. Hirtius ceded six thousand of these fish to Cæsar as a great favor, and Vitellius delighted in their roe. The fame of the lamprey is generally known; and the sturgeon was brought to table with triumphant pomp; but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a present from the gods, that this emperor assembled the senate to admire it. An association of ideas reminds us that, years ago, in renowned Galway, we dined off a turbot which cost only fourpence, and served the

whole company of five persons, to the exclusion of all other dishes. Who would not exclaim: "O fortunate nati, Claddagh vigente!" Soles were also so delectable that it was maintained they would be relished in Olympus.

The *garum*, or celebrated fish-sauce of the Romans, was principally made out of the mackerel, the entrails and blood being macerated in brine until they became putrid. Galen affirms that this disgusting preparation was so precious, that a measure of about three of our pints fetched two thousand silver pieces. So delightful was the effluvium of the *garum* considered, that Martial informs us it was carried about in onyx smelling-bottles. If those ancient epicures could revisit this latitude, how they would be gratified by the effluvium of the *garum* of tobacco-juice, apple-jack, and onions, emitted in the breath of some of our senators. The luxurious civic chiefs of this progressive age are not aware that the red mullet was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes; that three of them, though of small size, were known to fetch upwards of one thousand dollars. They were more appreciated when bought alive, and gradually allowed to die, immersed in the delicious *garum*, when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed color like an expiring dolphin.

Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was immortalized for the discovery of the art of fattening them on bran and other articles; and Horace informs us that they were served up, broiled upon silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were brought from the coasts of Britain to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled. Grasshoppers, locusts, and various insects, were equally acceptable to the early deep thinkers

on gastronomy. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be their principal research; amongst these the assafoetida was an indispensable ingredient.

Instead of bread, which was only introduced in Rome 580 A.D., they used a heavy kind of unleavened

paste, similar to the present *mush*. This nourishment occasioned frequent indigestion; hence the use of warm water after meals. Warm water was sold about the streets in their bathing-places. We must not overload the literary stomachs of our readers; therefore we remove the cloth from our table preparatory to the serving of a second course. Till then, *buon appetito*.

SAVED BY A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I.

"I TELL you, John, you're just a fool!" exclaimed Widow Harland, regarding her son with pettish impatience and astonishment.

John looked very headstrong, and wilful, and desperately in earnest about the subject under discussion. "It is always a hard word with you, mother," said he, deprecatingly. "What can you have against Lina?"

"Have against her! She's the most conceited, selfish, wasteful girl in all the village!" was the uncompromising reply. "Marry her! She'll break your heart in a twelvemonth! She'd break any honest man's heart with heridleness and love of finery."

"She has an uncommon pretty face, mother; and isn't it women's ways to look to set it off a bit?" pleaded John. "You never saw any harm in her until I took on with her."

"It is not for me to lightlie a neighbor's daughter when she is nought to me; but when you talk of bringing in a lass like Lina Fernie, and setting her up over your old mother's head, then it's time to speak, I think. I hoped you would have acted more sensi-

ble when it came to seeking a wife, John. A fine young man like you, with a well-plenished house to bring her to, and work the year in an' the year out. Why, you might have the pick of the parish!"

"And that's what Lina is; she's the pick of the parish. Show me her match anywhere!"

"I say nought about prettiness; for red and white, and blue eyes like a wax doll's, Lina would be hard to beat; but they won't bake your bread, or guide your house, John, mind that! What can she do?—there's the question."

"Why, I suppose, mother, that like other girls, she can learn. She's only young."

"I don't like her bringing-up. I don't like the family, John. They have never borne very good characters, either at home or abroad."

"And is poor Lina to be blamed for that?"

"Have you spoken to her yet, John?"

"No. I thought I must speak to you first?"

"Well, then, I've said my say. If it had been Mary Jenner or Annie Frost, I would have been glad to make way for either of them; but it goes sorely against

the grain with me to give place to Lina Fernie."

"Mary Jenner's older than me, mother; and Annie Frost's downright ugly."

"I don't mind of hearing you say so till Lina came home from her aunt's in London."

"Annie's well enough for some things, but I could not fancy to marry her if there was not another woman in the world."

Mrs. Harland sighed deeply, and plied her knitting-pins fast; John continued to hover about her, scarcely satisfied to act against her counsel, yet fully bent on getting Lina Fernie for his wife.

"I wasn't a beauty, John, as well you may see," said the mother, with a wistful smile; "yet your father fancied me, and I don't think he ever regretted his choice. I was a good, useful article, he used to say."

"You're a deal better like than Libbie Frost, now; and, mother, there'd be you to put Lina in the way of things, you know," he insinuated.

"She's not one that will take kindly to teaching; but I wish you would not talk to me about her any more. If your heart's set on her, I know you over well to expect to see you change it."

John acknowledged that his heart was set on Lina, and that a miserable man he would be that day he thought she looked coldly on him; and finding his mother really indisposed to indulge him with any further conversation on the subject, he strolled down the neat little garden into the village street, and turned naturally towards Lina's cottage.

Lina was standing on her doorstep, having a gossip with a neighbor; she haunted the doorstep very much, and never scrupled to hold anybody in talk, man, woman, or child, young or old, rich or poor, friend or stranger, who passed that

way. She had not an atom of shyness. Indeed, John's mother was much more correct in her estimate of the village belle than was John himself. Lina was very pretty, very; nobody could gainsay that. Her complexion was of creamy fairness, with a brilliant but delicate bloom; her hair was bright golden; her figure was short, but plump. Lina knew she was a beauty, and liked other people to know it too. She had no objection to the assiduities of the handsome young mason. Indeed, the longer her train of admirers, the better Lina liked it; so when she saw him coming towards the cottage, she bridled her white neck, and looked as captivatingly unconscious of him as ever she could—a needless wile, for poor John was already prostrated by the power of her charms, and perfectly incapable of a single reasonable reflection with regard to her.

As he approached, Maggie Sanders, the other gossip, drew off, and Lina invited John into the house. He accepted the courtesy gratefully; for there was only the deaf old grandmother sitting by the fire, and she would take no heed to their conversation. John had not at any time a skilful tongue at commonplace chat, and his present absorbing feelings for Lina made him even less fluent than usual—a matter of which the girl was clearly sensible; but, by and by, he got one of Lina's nice little hands in his hard brown ones, and after remarking that it was as white as a lady's, he said, with a glowing blush on his honest face:

"Lina, I want you to give it to me?"

"Give you my hand, John! Why what in the world could you do with it?" asked she, feigning not to understand him.

"I mean, Lina, will you be my wife? Do you like me well enough?"

"Why, John, I never so much as thought about you!"

"But will you try to think about me? O, Lina, I think of you night and day, and get no peace for thinking of you!"

Lina laughed merrily, and tried to pull away her hand; but John held it fast all the same, and would not let it go until she answered him.

"I don't want to be married, John," said she, half pettishly; "and besides, I know your mother is cross, and does not like me. She thinks that fright Libbie Frost would suit you better."

"But I don't think so, Lina; and so, what does it matter? You would soon get round my mother, for she is real good. She scarcely knows you."

"Yes, she does, and she always looks at me as if she were jealous about you,—and I'm sure she needn't be."

"Don't say that, Lina, don't. I'd rather she was ever so jealous than that you should not care for me. Do you care for me, Lina, darling?"

"Just a little bit; about as much as that," and the rural coquette measured off the first joint of her little finger as the amount of her affection for the ardent young mason.

"It's a beginning, Lina. It will be the whole hand soon;" and John looked not dissatisfied.

"Don't be over sure, John. Didn't I tell you I'd no thoughts of marrying yet? O, it's dull, ever so dull to get married when one's young!" and the lively maiden lifted up her hands in horrified deprecation of such a weariful fate. John's countenance fell.

"But not if you liked me, Lina?" insinuated he, imprisoning the little hand again; "don't be unkind."

"I don't like you much, John, you know—you are over old for me; I do believe you're thirty, at least?"

"Nay, Lina, I'm not so old as that neither, I'm only eight-and-twenty," replied John, earnestly.

"And I'm eighteen—there's ten years between us. No, no, John; you're too old, you're too old!" and Mistress Lina shook her head, and looked seriously bewildering out of her blue eyes.

"I always knew you were a famous scholar, Lina, but I did not think you'd learnt ciphering either," said John, with feigned surprise. "A clever little wife like you would be the making of me, you would, indeed. Why if I ever get to be a master builder, you could help me with the books."

"I hate books, and I hate summing worse than anything!" retorted the perverse damsel, pouting.

John looked down at her half grieved and half admiring. She looked prettier than ever when she was rebellious. "Now, Lina, that's just to plague me," said he; "as if I were not bad enough without. Just give me one smile before I go; here's your father coming."

"La, John, how silly you are! Well, I'm going to Mervine feast on Thursday, and you may go with me if you like—does that please you?" John showed by his face that it did, and then as Lina's father reeled round the hedge he departed; for old Fernie was quarrelsome in his cups with friend and foe, but especially with a friend.

II.

To Mervine feast together went John and Lina, it being generally understood now by the friends and relatives of both parties that they were keeping company. But if John anticipated that he should keep Lina to himself all the day of the feast he was woefully mistaken. The admiration of one was by no means sufficient to satisfy her craving, and she gadded about from place to place in search of

other acquaintance, letting John see that he was far from necessary to her. But his greatest grievance was, that when it was decent time to go home, Lina announced her determination to stay for a dance that was to take place in the long room of the public house. John was not a frequenter of public houses, and the idea that Lina should wish to enter such a place and join in such revelry as these rustic dances are, equally mortified and astonished him. He remonstrated and she pouted; she said he might go home and she would return with her cousins; but to this he would not agree, and the end was that Lina capered through half a dozen country dances with half a dozen fresh partners, while John propped his back sulkily against the white-washed wall, and looked on disgusted. If he had broken with her that night, as she tried her utmost to make him do, it would have been all the better for him; but John was infatuated; and, though it hurt him to see his mother's grieved and angry face when he told her the reason of his late return from the feast, still he would not listen to a single word said in disparagement of Lina, and he would have bitten out his tongue rather than utter one.

From that evening at Mervine poor John never had a happy hour again, never a day's peace or ease of mind. Though Lina soon after pledged him her word that she would marry him in the fall of the year, she could not resist the often recurring temptations to exercise her attractions on other young men; and as John was naturally of a sudden and violent, or rather jealous, temper, her conduct tried him severely. In vain he expostulated, in vain he reasoned, in vain he pleaded, Lina would only pout her dissatisfaction at his lectures, and tell him if he did not like her he was free to

leave her; but poor John felt to his sorrow that he was less free than ever. His mortification and disappointment had a wretched effect on his temper; he became morose and irritable, even to his mother, and with Lina herself high words became quite common—rather, indeed, the rule than the exception when they met.

Mrs. Harland, when she knew that her son and Lina were really promised to each other, made a duty of the necessity, and tried to know her intended daughter-in-law better; but Lina always showed her a repulsive, unfriendly face, and, finally, the widow, losing all patience, gave up the vain attempt, and left her to her own devices. To one thing, however, she made up her mind, and that was, that she would not continue to live in the cottage with her son when he brought home Lina as his wife; and when the time for the wedding drew near she began to make preparations for retiring elsewhere. Lina made no secret of how glad this arrangement made her, for she was afraid of Mrs. Harland's serious integrity; but John regretted his mother's resolution for many and good reasons.

III.

It wanted but three weeks of the day fixed for the marriage, when John, going one evening, rather later than usual to the Fernie's cottage, found seated there in the most friendly way, conversing with Lina, a smart young clerk out for a holiday, whom Lina told her lover she had known at her aunt's. The clerk was a good-looking, conceited young sprig, who evidently had a comfortable assurance of his own personal attractions. He called Lina Linny, and made a hundred allusions to past events and amusements, while John sat by chafing and galled at his impertinent famil-

ilarity, which Lina had not any notion of checking. To do the young city clerk justice, he had no idea whatever, that the ponderous young mason, who was so slow of speech and heavy of step, could be a wooer of Linny, whom he thought of seriously for himself; and he gave him several broad hints that his room would be more acceptable than his company. But John stayed perseveringly on, until Lina contrived him an errand to the top of the village, and sent him away, whether he would or no.

"Who is that fiery-faced clown, Linny? He lords it over you finely!" lisped the genteel clerk.

Lina colored and stammered. She was ashamed to acknowledge John before this young spark; who despised a far better man than himself.

"O! he is a mason. He works with my father," said she.

There was a fine bush of monthly roses trailing over the cottage walls, from which Lina always culled a few to embellish her work-table. It happened that some had been newly-gathered that afternoon, and she had taken one out of the cup and was playing with it while John was in the cottage. When John came back from the errand on which she had dispatched him, the rose had changed its place from her fingers to the city clerk's button-hole—a transference which caught his jealous eye in a moment. He gave her a glance, to which she replied with one of coquettish defiance; and, as the young stranger presently went away and left them together, he began to be very angry.

"I tell you what, John Harland," retorted she, passionately, "if you had not got my word, I'd never marry you. I like Tom Freeling's little finger better than your whole body!" John's eyes blazed, and he dashed away from the cottage in a fury. The heartless girl had quite warped his honest, manly

nature. He scarcely knew what he did for the next hour or two.

It was late when he arrived home, and his mother was waiting up for him. It had begun to rain, and a distant rumble of thunder echoed in the sky. Mrs. Harland got up from her chair to bolt the door when he came in; but he impatiently forbade her, as he was going out again very early in the morning. She asked where he was going to; but as he seemed not to hear, and did not reply to her question, she said further: "Need I sit up, John, I'm tired to-night?" He seemed startled by her weary tone, and turned round to kiss her. This touch of now unusual tenderness quite broke down the old mother's reserve. "O! John, John! you've not been like yourself lately; what ails you? what's amiss?" and she hung about him affectionately. He put her quietly aside, after a minute or two, and bade her go to bed.

With a sigh, and a sad expression of mistrust on her countenance, she turned from him, and ascended to her room. As though anticipating the evil intent that was lurking in her poor boy's mind, she knelt down beside her bed, and with the rosary in her hands, and a picture of our Holy Mother before her eyes, she poured forth her soul in supplication that he who had been her all, he who had always been so good and kind to her, would pass through this bitter struggle in safety and with strength and courage.

Long before daylight John was ready. He took down a gun that hung over the chimney, deliberately cleaned it, loaded it, and concealing it partially under his coat, he left the house stealthily, and set off on the high-road to Mervine. His countenance was wicked and deadly under the cloud of night. But no one met him; no one saw him to suspect on what evil errand he was bound. He had heard the young clerk say to Lina, out in the garden,

before they parted: "Early to-morrow morning I'm going over to Mervine. Meet me there at noon, Linny, and we'll have a walk in the wood without that spying fiery-faced clown to watch us!" "Hush, he'll hear!" was Lina's response; and, on the instant, there was a devilish thought in John's head. "I'll spoil your meeting. I'll be beforehand with you, my fine gentleman—you shall not ridicule me to Lina again!"

As he walked, the rain continued to stream down in torrents. When he came to a little thick copse, by the roadside, he hid himself amongst the trees. There was partial shelter for him overhead, but he stood in the tall wet reeds and grass. No matter; the chill did not cool his hot blood, nor quench the fire of jealous rage that was consuming him, and he waited there until the morning began to break through the dense watery clouds. Then he established himself under a careful covert, where he could see the road from the village, but would be himself unseen by any one approaching from that direction. The rain had ceased, but a thick vapor rose from the fields and dense vegetation about him. His watch was prolonged; he began to feel pains in his limbs and head and giddiness. He found that he could scarcely steady his hands to raise the gun. At last he heard the trot of a pony on the road, and the clear whistle of the young clerk. With a mad haste he tried to raise the gun. But his arm failed him. It was suddenly struck with such weakness, that he could not lift the weapon above his own breast; and in that moment his deadly chance was lost. He sprang out into the road, with the intention of dragging the stranger from his horse, and beating him to death; but his foot slipped on the mud of the bank, and he fell prostrate on his face.

He was half mad as he staggered home and restored the gun to its place over the chimney. His mother was just stirring. He had sense enough left to crawl into his chamber so stealthily that she should not suspect he had been absent all night. But for any rest he could get, he might have had his body stretched upon the rack and the tooth of an active devil gnawing at his heart.

IV.

It was full three months before John Harland set foot over the threshold again; and, when he did so at last, it was as a gaunt spectre, crippled and deformed by rheumatism in almost every limb. Towards the close of a sunshiny September afternoon, when the village was empty, every available hand being engaged in the harvest-field, he said to his mother, who was sitting with her knitting in the open doorway:

"Mother, how long is it since Lina Fernie came to see after me? I haven't heard her voice for days—weeks, I think."

"It is weeks, John. Be advised by me, and give up thinking about her," was the pleading reply.

"It is all very easy to say give up thinking about her; but it is none so easy to do," said John bitterly. "I mean to hear my fate from her own lips; and, if you'll reach me down my plaid I'll go and see her now—she never goes to the harvest."

"Wait a bit longer, John, wait a bit longer—you can't bear anything yet."

"And you think she'll have nothing more to say to me?" asked the young man hoarsely.

"O, Johnny, lad! don't look so wretched; she's never worth it. She's never worth thy good heart!"

A miserable contortion passed over his features as his mother

uttered the last words. No one but himself knew what evil intentions had been bred in that good heart, which a merciful Providence through the prayers of his mother had frustrated. He rose with a stick and crutch and hobbled to the door. O, what a wreck he was! But not such a wreck as he might have been if God had left him his strength unparalyzed on that terrible night when he went out intent on shedding blood. His mother brought his plaid and wrapped it all round him and then kissed his sallow, sickly face fervently.

"Remember, Johnny, thee has me always, me that loved thee first, and will always love thee best?" she cried, as she let him go.

"Something tells me I'll have need to remember it, mother," he replied; "but I can't bear this torture of waiting any longer, and I'll know the worst at once."

She watched him down the village street, and saw him disappear within Fernie's cottage; not five minutes elapsed before he came out again. It was sad—O, it was more than sad—to see the painful haste with which he toiled up the sunny, dusty street. His mother ran to meet him, and helped him indoors, not thinking of questioning him, so terrified was she at the expression of rage and agony that convulsed his features. He dropped upon the settle, with a groan, and hid his face. After a moment, he burst into a womanish passion of tears, which shook his crippled form vehemently. The mother watched him, and knew what it meant. The whole hope, dream, joy of his life was gone from him—forever gone.

It was many weeks before John brought himself to speak of his

brief interview with Lina; he then told his mother what had passed.

"Lina," said he, "was sitting by the window, and she gave a scream when she saw me. 'Eh, John, but what a miserable lamester you are!' and laughed. I suppose there was something startling in my changed looks. I asked her if she meant to keep her word by me; and her answer was, 'Nay, John, I never loved you much, and you must be out of your head to think I shall marry you now!' And so I left her, laughing at my hobbling walk. That's Lina."

John Harland is a gray-headed old man now. But he never forgot the bitterness of his disappointment, or failed to have always in his memory the terrible crime he was saved from committing.

Long after his sin had been washed away in the Holy Confessional, he remembered it in penance and tears. A kind thought, a kind word, and a kind deed he has for everybody.

And thus he lives, loved and honored by all, ever laboring to atone for the great temptation to which he had yielded in thought, in a moment of passion, but from which he was so providentially delivered.

As for Lina, beautiful, vain, unfeeling, she has been in her grave these many, many years; though where she lies, or how she died, we cannot tell. No one wept for her, nor felt for her, but him whom she despised. John knows what became of her. His charity found her in her despair, and gave her a grave; but how, or when, or where, he never said; and none of those left in the village who knew her, care to ask. She was not much beloved.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN ITALY.

WE learn from Rome that the Prefect of the city has issued an order forbidding a meeting which was to be held for the purpose of demanding universal suffrage. The order declared that the real object of the proposed assembly was to oppose the present form of Government and the fundamental institutions of the State; and this leads us to offer a few observations on the subject of universal suffrage in Italy. It is one that excites considerable interest in that country, and particularly at Rome, where the Minister has had to defend the conduct of the Government in suppressing the projected meeting.

Democracy there does not wear exactly the same aspect as democracy in other countries. In its main features it resembles, of course, the democratic movement elsewhere, but it has, over and above, characteristics peculiar to itself. Its principles, so far as they clash with truth and right, are intensified in a country where the State and the Church are at open war. At the present moment all its efforts are directed towards the attainment of universal suffrage in the hope of thereby returning a Parliament composed chiefly of socialists. Garibaldi has succeeded to Mazzini, as the Coryphæus of the radical party, and he is, if we mistake not, a more dangerous leader even than the former. After fighting in the French ranks against the Germans, he now extols the man whom of all others he would have been expected to reprobate, and declares that "there is but one Government in Europe deserving the eulogies of all men of good sense, in striking, as it has done, upon the heads of the Jesuit hydra, and Bismarck

merits the gratitude of the entire world." He urges forward universal suffrage because he sees that an armed insurrection would be attended with great risk and almost certain defeat. Proprietors, merchants, farmers, shopkeepers, clerks, lawyers, medical practitioners, and the like—men in short who have something to lose—are now in the ascendant. They principally control the elections, and the army is therefore subject to the deputies whom they send to the chambers. A socialist rising would in all probability be crushed with ease, but Garibaldi hopes to make communism prevail by peaceable means. If he could obtain a vote for every adult he is sure that his prospects would be brighter—that the have-nothings would crowd to the polling-booths, and, deluded by the high-sounding theories of the Commune, would seek to better their own condition by impoverishing their neighbors. The enormous taxes and imposts which now make "Liberty" in Italy so dear a luxury, would stimulate them on their path of plunder, and they would glory in the prospect of an equalization of classes and a regular distribution of social wealth. By restraining the luxurious expenditure of the rich, they would, as they suppose, bring plenty to the abodes of the poor; and what religion, and regal, imperial and papal Governments have failed to accomplish, would be effected by one edict of pure and socialistic democracy. Thus those would become masters who most require to be ruled; and they who cannot control their own passions would take in hand the task of calming the turbulent ocean of political strife. Martial, in his

verses on True Liberty, 'scoffed at the dreamers of such dreams when he said :

Reges et dominos habere debet,
Qui se non habet atque concupis it
Quod reges dominique concupiscunt.

The question of universal suffrage does not present itself exactly in the same light in all countries. In Italy, long accustomed to regal and princely rule, and only recently made practically acquainted with parliamentary government, it would naturally, in the eyes of Catholic politicians, assume a more fearful aspect there than in nations like our own, where, by long usage, the minds of men have been prepared for the idea of a gradually extended suffrage. To writers such as those in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, we cannot wonder that it appears intolerable and outrageously unjust that the ignorant peasant, who knows nothing beyond the use of the spade and pruning-knife, should have the same voice in the choice of deputies as those who have landed property at stake, and are more or less skilled in political science. Sovereign rule, they most reasonably argue, was in its commencement inseparably connected with actual possession of the soil, and a movement directed mainly against the rights and privileges of landed proprietors must be contrary alike to right, to tradition, and experience. The idea of sovereignty being attached to tenure of the soil was inherent in the title of kings; but even this tradition of a first principle has been effaced by modern liberalism, and kings and emperors must now be content to be called after their people, not after their territory. "King of France" has given place in our time to "King of the French;" and even Frederic William, after all his conquests, is German Emperor, not Emperor of Germany.

As it is according to nature that those who possess land should share

in the government in preference to those who have no such interest in the State, so is it natural and reasonable that persons in liberal professions should come next to these in political privileges, for knowledge is in itself both wealth and power. Large capital of any kind is evidently a valid title to political privilege, and if the suffrage is extended, as it very properly may be, to persons who have none of these claims, that is done more by gracious and generous disposal of trusts than by any imperative dictate of reason. The safety of the body-politic—the stability of a strong executive—the rights of property and the preservation of public morals, ought, in all cases, to be the measure of such concessions. They ought, in short, to spring not from revolutionary freak or violence, but from an orderly development of firmly established social relations.

Tried by this standard, Garibaldi's universal suffrage proves a monstrous imposture. It derives the origin of sovereign rule from a free compact, instead of the prevalence of natural rights. It reproduces the theory of Rousseau in its bestial enormity, regarding in men only their specific equality and abstract independence, without taking account of family, property, or acquired rights of any description. The Liberals of Italy, who are now in the ascendant, affect to repudiate this principle, though by it they rose to power—that all men, being by nature equally free, are entitled to equal political privileges. But having sown the wind, they will have to reap the whirlwind; having disseminated false principles about the origin of Governments, they must expect to find those principles adopted, and acted on by the lower strata of society. Ultra democracy will be as fatal to them as they have been to long-established authority. This is the Nemesis of wrong, it

extends itself, doubles itself, and recoils on the doer. Germs are bound to develop; modern Liberalism is doomed to issue in universal suffrage.

The evil being inevitable, thoughtful men in Italy are beating about for correctives, limits, and delays. The Marquis de Castellane, a member of the French National Assembly, has published a work in which he recommends limitations of three kinds, regarding first the age, secondly the capacity, and lastly the residence of the voter. He does not approve of the electoral right being conceded to young men of 21 years of age, but advises that 24 or 25 years should be fixed as the term. The judgment is then more mature, the passions are more under control, the responsibilities are heavier, and the time for active military service is at an end. Political strife should, by all means, be excluded from the camp, and especially from the enrolled bands of youthful volunteers. As regards the second point, M. De Castellane reprobates the restriction of voting to those who can read and write, not merely because, as matter of fact, such a restriction in Italy would exclude from the electoral urns many of the husbandmen and vinedressers who are conservative in politics and incorrupt in religion, but because he objects to it on principle. He maintains that intelligence and honesty are all that is required in an elector, and that a peasant who has never learned the alphabet may be perfectly well able to judge what candidate will best represent his interests. He would exclude, however, from electoral lists not only ordinary convicts, but those who have illegally had recourse to arms or have been guilty of plunder and devastation. With respect to domicile, the Marquis insists on the necessity of counteracting the electoral vagabonds who are em-

ployed to rush from place to place and give their votes at the bidding of political jobbers. He proposes that every voter should be bound to produce a well-attested certificate of a twelve months' residence at least in the place where he votes, and M. Thiers also, it would seem, is disposed to put a similar limit on universal suffrage in France. He exposes the evil consequences of the candidate list system by which so many electors in the country are duped. A number of candidates are proposed in each place, and those who manipulate the affair contrive to put some one popular and approved name at the head of the list, so that the peasant portion of the electors—unwary and uneducated men—may be deceived as to the character of the names which follow. Supposing that all are of one cast, they often vote the entire list, and discover too late that they have been the dupes of liberal intrigue, and have been cajoled into electing enemies of their religion, and their best interests. M. De Castellane maintains also that each man should be able to vote in his own commune, and that the obligation to repair to the chief town of a canton or district is simply a trick by which to obtain more city votes at the expense of the county; since those laborers who live at remote distances have often neither time, money, nor inclination to take a journey in order to support a candidate. Abstention is the consequence. Household wants press harder than the wants of society and the State. The wages of a day's labor cannot lightly be foregone. Few of the peasants appear on the decisive day, and these few, being inadequately supported and led, are very likely to be entrapped by the arts of electoral intriguers.

But these reforms and precautions would evidently be efficacious

only so long as the mass of the population remains uncorrupted. If once communistic ideas pervaded the cottages of the peasantry, as well as the artists' shops and the homes of town operatives—*actum esset de societate Italicâ*—universal suffrage would be lord of all. The grand aim of Catholics, therefore, in Italy, should be to impede the progress of Communism—a difficult task indeed when the liberty of the press is unrestrained, and primary education is to be made obligatory: for lawful as this last measure might be under quite other circumstances and under certain limitations, it will be in Italy the most powerful means of propagating modern Liberalism. There is one way, and one only, by which a barrier may be opposed successfully to the progress of Communism, and that is by the spread of religion. It alone teaches resignation under all circumstances, and imposes as a duty obedience to existing laws and long-established authority. It alone teaches man to respect as a providential arrangement the various grades of society and the wealth which has been accumulated by labor, in the first instance at least. Without it no rights can exist, no duty be binding; all things have to be regarded as simple facts, and human force, which brought them into being, may destroy them or set them aside at will. Without religion, and, to speak plainly, the Catholic religion, the triumph of Socialism in modern society is inevitable. Conservative principles and moderate Republicanism may check it

for a time, but these will have strength only in proportion as they are invigorated by Christian ideas and practices, and in the same measure as these dwindle away will the might of Socialism increase, and under the auspices of blank Materialism will set up its reign of anarchy and despotism combined. Unfortunately its leading ideas are becoming fast adopted by men of some capacity and attainments, and it therefore becomes more and more the duty of Catholic writers to expose the unsoundness of its tenets and to prove their utter incompatibility with the doctrines and precepts of our holy faith. It is true that universal suffrage is not one with Socialism, nor is Socialism precisely the same as Communism; but they run into each other like the folds of the many-headed snake of Lerna, which the labor of Hercules only was able to destroy. Persons who have an unfeigned horror of Communism may unconsciously be leading up to it by entertaining as true false principles which involve it and will certainly produce it if completely developed. It was in vain to cut down one after another of the Hydra's heads, they sprang up again; nay, two appeared in the place of every one, and it was not till the root of the heads was burnt with a hot iron that Hercules had fulfilled his task. The myth is true of the Church's deadliest enemy in the present day. She alone can grapple effectually with the monster's wiles, detect the radical falsehood of his plausible theories, and cauterize them at the very roots.

QUEEN ELEONORA'S CROSS.

ELEONORA OF CASTILLE was the wife of the first Edward. In 1254, long before he ascended the English throne, he went to Burgos to bring home his bride, and at the close of a grand tournament which was held in honor of their nuptials, he received Knighthood at the hands of his brother-in-law, Alfonso the Wise. They were in truth a young pair. She, a child of ten, while the bridegroom himself was but five years older.

The first ten years of their married life ran far from smoothly, owing principally to the untoward events that were taking place in England. The war of the barons against Henry III, and his subsequent imprisonment, claiming all Edward's and Eleonora's attention, during nearly the whole time she had to endure a forced separation from her lord, and passed the long and weary years either at the French Court or in Ponthieu with her own mother.

The clouds cleared away at length, and in 1265 they were united never more to be separated till death did them part.

For twenty-five years without a break she hardly quitted his side. In good and evil fortune, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, she ever proved his guide, his solace, his support. A true, noble-hearted woman, it was her influence alone that could soften that frown and turn that fierce and haughty spirit to the side of mercy.

When in 1269 Edward took up the Cross, she resolved at any risk to share his perils, and though it is to be feared that we must dismiss as apocryphal the touching story of her sucking the poison from the wound he had received before Acre,

yet Edward himself always attributed his recovery under God to the tender care and attention of Eleonora.

We will pass lightly over their long years of happiness—they were bright and replete with many joys and innocent pleasures, for the world having exhausted its frowns, had now nothing save smiles in reserve.

The year 1272 saw her crowned Queen of England, and Edward had free scope to carry out that wise, far-seeing (albeit iron-handed) policy which ended in his being able to call himself, with far greater right than any of his predecessors, truly lord and king of the realm he had inherited.

The proud and turbulent spirit of the great nobles was, for the time being, completely cowed. Wales, that constant difficulty to the English kings, was prostrate at his feet, and the Welsh leaders, stifling their patriotic feelings, vowed fealty in the Castle of Caernarvon to the babe of the "faithful Eleonora," and swore allegiance to the first Prince of Wales.

The death in 1290 of Margaret of Scotland, who five years before had been solemnly betrothed to the baby prince, with the design of uniting the two kingdoms under one crown, startled Edward into sudden action.

He set out at once for the North, to take possession on his son's behalf, and took a hasty leave of Eleonora, ordering her to follow with what speed she might.

It was their last parting on earth: Obedient and affectionate in everything, she followed northwards in his footsteps, eager once again to be united with him.

But it was not to be. As she journeyed through the low and swampy fen district, she contracted a fever of which, after a lingering illness, she expired on the 29th November at Herdeby, near Grantham.

The news of her perilous state had been carried to Edward at the moment when the coveted crown of Scotland was wellnigh within his grasp. But at the danger of his faithful consort, all thought of ambition faded instantly from his mind; he saw before him once again the adored bride of his youth, and the cherished mother of his children. Quickly he mounted to horse; scarce an attendant could follow him, so fiercely did he ride; he dashed across the northern marshes, over hill and dale through broad Yorkshire did he ply whip and spur, nor did he draw rein till on the morning of the third day he saw before him the towers of the Castle of Richard de Weston, which contained all that in this world he held most dear.

But death travels faster than even the fleetest steed; that patient loving heart was at length stilled, and his passionate outburst of grief and affectionate exclamations of love failed to soothe the "dull cold ear" of the dead that lay stretched out before him.

Deep and sincere was his sorrow as he hung over that form which even in death retained much of the beauty that had so distinguished her in life.

As he had loved her well and truly so he mourned her nobly and as a king. From Grantham to Westminster did that pageant of woe wind through the glades and green forest paths from town to town.

The progress of the royal funeral lasted thirteen days, and Edward followed the corpse in person as chief mourner.

At the close of each sad day's march the bier rested, surrounded

by its attendants, in the market-place of the town or village, and in some instances, notably at St. Alban's and Dunstable, it was met by the clergy in solemn procession, and deposited during the night before the high altar of the abbey church. Oftener than not, however, it rested under the canopy of heaven, with the "sentinel stars" keeping watch over the mortal shell of that pure and holy soul.

And so, amidst the prayers and lamentations of a whole people, to whom her many virtues had made her dear, she passed to her last resting-place in the great Abbey.

Twelve times did the procession rest ere it reached its goal, and at every one the royal mourner vowed to erect in memory of his *chère reine* a cross which should serve not only to keep alive her memory, but still more to move the passers by to prayers for the repose of her soul.

Each morning, therefore, before the procession moved on we are told by the ancient chroniclers that "the chancellor and the great men there present, marked out a fitting place where they might afterwards erect at the royal expense a cross of wonderful beauty, our prior being there present and sprinkling holy water."

Three of the original crosses still exist, one near the ancient Abbey of Waltham, and two within the borders of Northamptonshire, at Geddington and Northampton. The two latter stand some twenty miles apart, which must have been a fair day's journey for a funeral cortège in those days of bad roads, and in the winter season.

As the procession approached London, the magistrates and principal citizens came out several miles to meet it, clad in black hoods and mourning cloaks, and joined in the solemn march. Previous to its arrival at Westminster Abbey the hearse rested at the spot now occu-

pied by the statue of Charles the First.

The tomb of Eleonora was at the feet of her father-in-law, Henry III; her heart, following the fashion of the time, being deposited in the Church of the Black Friars.

Westminster received from the King many rich gifts for largesses and masses for her soul's repose. Round about her tomb wax lights were kept perpetually burning until put out by that great extinguisher the "Reformation," nearly 300 years afterwards.

But may we not without presumption cherish the hope that whatever frailties that gentle soul died unrepented of, had long ere that time mercifully been absolved her, and that from her throne of bliss above she is looking down and praying in her turn for that land now so desolate which in life she had loved so well?

A parting word on the remaining crosses. Of the three, Goddington is the least injured by time, and Waltham the most so; while that at Northampton, which was originally finer and is more strikingly situated than the other two, has been spoilt in an antiquarian point of view by injudicious restoration. Waltham is the only one that has retained the cross upon its summit. That at Northampton was first broken off by the Cromwellian Iconoclasts; restored in 1713 it again disappeared, probably from sectarian hatred of the sacred symbol, and now stands with its mutilated shaft, fit emblem of the distorted faith of England—"a religion without the cross."

A description of it may serve for the others, as it resembles them in general design, although differing in detail.

It stands a mile out of the town on an eminence skirting the present London road, and from its lofty position commands an extensive view of the valley of the Nene and the town

lying at its foot, a gap in the surrounding woods having been judiciously cut away to permit it the better to be seen.

Close under its shadow nestles the Abbey of Delapré, where we may suppose the King and his attendants passed the night.

The cross is approached by nine stone steps, and consists of three diminishing compartments or stories, rising to a height of about forty feet. The first is octagon in shape, with the arms of England, Ponthieu, Castille, and Leon, sculptured in escutcheons in the compartments, with an open book in high relief in four of them.

The second story, likewise octagonal, has around it four figures of the Queen, crowned and surmounted by a canopy, which is supported by slender pillars of great elegance. The upper shaft has four sides facing the points of the compass and running up to where the cross formerly existed.

In spite of the ignorant meddlers who have done their best to deface it in their so-called restoration, the structure has great inherent beauty, which, though clouded, is not destroyed.

Rough and rude though our ancestors may have been, they yet possessed one inestimable gift, that we, as children of the Church, surrounded by the cold waves of heresy and skepticism, must fain look upon with regret—that of simple child-like faith, and thus one and all as they passed that cross knelt and breathed a *pater* and *ave* for her soul's repose.

Those days may not come again in our time, but each one of us by his influence and example may do much to aid their advent, and obtain by our prayers that England may once more, in God's own good time, be brought to the unity of that Holy Catholic Church to whom she owes her Christianity and greatness as a nation.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THE Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
 The merry, merry Christmas-tide!
 What joyful meetings round the blaze,
 Dear customs of the good old days:
 The mistletoe hung overhead,
 The walls with holly garlanded;
 The laugh goes round, the tale is told,
 Strange legendary tales of old;
 And shyly in the firelight stand
 Strong youth, sweet girlhood, hand in hand,
 The wooer and his promised bride—
 Oh, sweet and happy Christmas-tide!

The Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
 The mournful, mournful Christmas tide
 Calls up from Memory's hallowed store
 Loved faces seen with us no more.
 Weep, bridegroom, for thy buried bride,
 Who sat with thee last Christmas-tide—
 Now lying cold, mute, and alone,
 Whose life and love were all thine own:
 What tearful groups of household faces
 Gaze sadly on deserted places
 Of those afar, of those who died—
 Oh, mournful, mournful Christmas-tide!

The Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
 The holy, holy Christmas-tide!
 Though stars alone give forth their light,
 Where angel-wings once clove the night;
 "Peace and good-will—peace and good-will"
 The golden message echoes still;
 Oh, kneel and pray—oh, kneel and pray;
 Mourner, rejoice upon thy way—
 Be grief and joy both sanctified,
 This blest and holy Christmas-tide!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP,
 CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR OF THE
 CHURCH. By P. E. Moriarty, Ex-As-
 sistant General O.S.A. Philadelphia:
 Peter F. Cunningham, 1873.

Dr. Moriarty has crowned the labors
 of a long and brilliant career as a fervid
 orator and a zealous priest by appearing
 before the public as an author, and the

first fruits of his authorship,—what could
 they more appropriately be than just
 what he has given us? the details of the
 life of the founder of the venerable order
 of which he is himself so worthy a mem-
 ber, that Doctor of all the Church's doc-
 tors, that light of all the Christian ages,
 that admiration of scholars, ancient and
 modern, sacred and secular, he whose
 name is the theme of praise for every lip,

Christian and infidel, Catholic and heretic, the glorious St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. How aptly came to our minds, as we perused this book, the speech of the servants to the Archtrielinus at the wedding feast of Cana: "*Every man setteth forth first good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is inferior, but thou hast kept the good wine until the last!*" Dr. Moriarty has indeed put forth the good wine of wholesome truth and brilliant thought in the lectures and sermons with which he has for years delighted the public ear, and, what is better, wrought the work of charity; but unlike the little man of one idea, whose only thought is to get himself into notoriety through the medium of the press, he has proved the possession of that gift which only a great mind can possess in its integrity,—modesty,—by reserving for the years of completed arduous study and matured experience, the production of his masterpiece, a book that must complete the glittering circle of his fame. What shall we say of the book itself? Simply that it is worthy alike of its subject, its author, and its publisher. Of its subject it were superfluous to speak; if there be any who are in ignorance thereof, they have here a noble opportunity of supplying for their deficiency. The story of this glorious confessor is prelude, after a beautiful preface, by an exquisite poem, "*THE THRENODY OF ST. AUGUSTINE*," which appeared in the October number of the *Record*. Then commences the narrative proper, which runs through 312 pages, and embraces not only all that is interesting and appropriate in the personal life of Augustine, but likewise much that is so intimately connected with him in the life of his sainted mother, Monica, as to form an integral part of the main narrative. A synopsis of St. Augustine's works, with brief comments upon each, a chapter giving a succinct account of the monastic foundations and religious rules of the Augustinians, a sketch of the origin and labors of monastic orders generally, a summary of St. Austin's rules, with a prayer of the Saint, complete the work, which is written with all the careful research and charms of style, varying in their exquisitely blended shades from the deeply scholastic to the touchingly poetical in thought, which are so characteristic of the venerable penman. Doing good has ever been to Dr. Moriarty "a labor of love," and this tribute offered to the Most High, on the shrine of his spiritual father and patron, cannot fail to earn another jewel for the eternal crown awaiting his honored brows. Mr.

Cunningham has given the best of his always earnest efforts to afford due honor to the author and the work. He even gives the book to the public on one of the most appropriate days of the year,—the feast of St. Ambrose, St. Augustine's spiritual guide, friend and compeer in the Doctorate. He has also embellished it with a beautiful steel-plate frontispiece, a copy of Ary Schæffer's St. Augustine and St. Monica, sitting on the sea-shore at Ostia Tiberina; and has printed the MS. in large, clear, and beautiful type. The typography, too, seems unusually free from errors, and the binding richly incases the contents.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

By Baron Hübner, late Ambassador of Austria at Paris and at Rome. Translated from the original French by James F. Meline. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received from Eugene Cummiskey.

Some historians are fond of indulging in what may be designated as time-honored historical "hobbies." We do not mean to class under this head the specimens of historical humbuggery and the destructive theories of the disciples of what is known as "the new school of history," so-called because it would annihilate by a "new departure" from historical precedents all that men have long cherished as certain pleasing truths, such as the story of William Tell, the narrative of Pocahontas, the history of Patrick Henry, and other episodes upon which the world has built its faith, and which, whether true or false, it might be just as well to let alone, as things to be taken for granted, just as the actual deductions in scientific questions frequently rest entirely upon purely rational theories. Besides, the so-called "refutations" of these self-dubbed "leaders of progressive thought" are generally as unreliable as they fancy the statements they would controvert. But we particularly allude here to libels upon Catholicity, which, strange to say, these very "leaders" hug to their bosoms as darling truths, on which the breath of contradiction must never dare to blow. Strange perversion of time and talents! Among these "old wives' fables" are the story of Pope Joan, the Jesuits, the Inquisition, the Gunpowder Plot, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the *pur se muove* of Galileo, and last, though not least, the legend of the subject of the book under notice, Sixtus V. Only a few days since, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, for whom

we have respect enough to say that he ought to know better, rehearsed before the congregation at his conventicle, in Brooklyn, the story refuted by Ranke, an *honest Protestant writer*, about Sixtus having been elevated from a swineherd to a pontiff, not that there is any disgrace in the matter except its untruthfulness, and we wonder the reverend gentleman did not add the equally gossipy tale of the Pope's crutches. There are, however, a great many people who, like Pilate, ask: "what is the truth?" and tarry not for an answer; hence, even Mr. Ranke does not always meet with due favor from his co-religionists. The real author of all the scandals concerning Sixtus V was Gregorio Leti, an apostate priest. Baron Hübner, however, while acting in his official capacity, obtained possession of certain documents which revealed the truth concerning Sixtus's character and pontificate, and so thoroughly did M. Hübner compile his work from these papers, that even Protestant critics have awarded to the author and his subject the warmest commendation. And now, Mr. James F. Meline, who has so nobly won the victor's crown by his chivalrous defence, in the literary list, of the fair fame of Mary Stuart, against her traducer, Froude, has added another laurel to that crown by giving us a condensed translation of M. Hübner's work. We have looked forward with pleasure to its long-promised publication, and now that we have it find but one fault in it, too little of a good thing. Mr. Meline's motives for this excessive condensation were no doubt good, but he has made the mistake of not trusting sufficiently to the intelligence and patience of the public—the little he has given us only creating an appetite for more. Still the work is sufficiently clear and deeply interesting, not to say amusing. Sixtus V was a grand and vigorous pontiff, and this record of his life and works will please the scholastic reader, and at the same time gladden the heart of the straightforward rigorist, in these days of sickly sentimentality and prurient *namby-pambyism*. We also heartily recommend the book as the life of a *pontiff*. Catholics are too little acquainted with the history of the Popes, and while they teach their children the names and order of succession of the kings and queens of France and England, we doubt if there are many Catholic juveniles, of either a larger or smaller growth, who can as much as run through, correctly, the full list of the Roman Pontiffs. The style in which the book is published is entirely satisfactory.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF IRELAND, AND RORY O'MORE. By Samuel Lover. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier, 1872. Received through Henry McGrath.

These volumes are the first and second of a new and complete edition of Lover's works. This author's reputation as a writer of rare and racy Irish fiction has been so long established we scarcely dare presume to add anything to his fame. By no means as prolific a writer as his contemporary Irish novelists, Lever and Carlton, yet we frankly confess that we have been always prejudiced in his favor. It is certainly a mark of high genius for a writer to pen whole volumes of brilliant humor and rollicksome fun, such fun as only an Irishman can appreciate, without descending to vulgarity or greater extravagance than the subject would permit. Such a talent Samuel Lover certainly possessed in a high degree. Of course we would not be understood as praising his works in a Catholic sense, but merely from a general literary point of view. There is very little religion connected with them, and when it does exist it is frequently of too humorous a nature to inspire much reverence, though there is never a positive disrespect to prejudice a reasonable mind. The first of the above-named volumes, *Tales and Legends of Ireland*, was never a special favorite with us, for the very good reason that we never could see much in it worth reading, with the exception, perhaps, of that mirth-provoking sketch, "*The Gridiron*," and the well-known "*White Horse of the Peppers*," with one or two others. We think the author's name alone saves the contents of the book from utter disregard. One of the tales, "*The Priest's Story*," is positively heterodox in a Catholic sense, inasmuch as it would lead an ignorant reader to credit the monstrous falsehood that there exists in the Catholic Church a power sufficiently high to sanction, under certain circumstances, a violation of the seal of confession.

Not so lightly, however, do we regard the second volume, *Rory O'More*, though we have a heavy grudge against it, and feel like having the publishers placed "under bonds to keep the peace," for spreading its circulation. We read it in our younger days when our constitution was not so robust as now, and it did us material injury. We laughed all the flesh off our bones and have never since fully recovered our obesity, to say nothing of the imminent danger resulting from ruptured bloodvessels and fractured

ribs. The melancholy individual who is not familiar with the features of "*Rory*" should immediately take his departure for the "land of no laughter," unless on a less sober second thought he determines to invest his spare cash in this complete edition of *Lover* instead of purchasing a coffin.

The style of publication is neat, unostentatious, and durable.

OAKLEY ON CATHOLIC WORSHIP. A Manual of Popular Instruction on the Ceremonies and Devotions of the Church. By Frederick Canon Oakley, M. A., Missionary Rector of St. John's, Islington. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Received from Eugene Cummiskey.

Canon Oakley is a prolific writer on liturgical subjects, and his works possess an advantage over more extensive and voluminous writings on the Rubrics, in that being mere compendiums or hand-books they are better suited for the use of the Laity. The volume before us is one of a series, issued in a neat, compact, and cheap form, so as to be attainable by all. The title-page speaks so well for the contents that we can dismiss the book without further consideration of its intrinsic merits. Not so easily, however, can we suffer the public to depart from the consideration of their duty in reading it. This is the age of ritualism. Despite the spread of republican principles and a consequent disregard of the importance of ceremonies in secular affairs, "Our Separated Brethren" are rapidly advancing in their appreciation of at least the utility of ceremonies in religious matters. This advance brings them nearer and nearer in their research, as to the nature and object of these ceremonies, to her who from the beginning of Christianity has wisely instituted, fostered, and sanctioned them,—the Roman Catholic Church. The necessity of Catholics thoroughly understanding the ceremonies of their own Church is therefore very obvious, first, that they may be able to give an explanatory reason for them, not only when asked for it, but also that they may fulfil the duty of having a personal knowledge of such matters. Secondly, that they may foster in their own hearts that appreciative love of their religion which always springs from such knowledge. They cannot properly practice their faith without knowing it, and they cannot know it without loving it, hence little love betokens little knowledge, a very simple explanation of the want of that practical faith in every-

day life which is, alas, too apparent. Protestants are far in advance of Catholics in their knowledge of the *minutiae* of their religion; the custom of lay-representation in the business of the dissenting Churches perhaps sufficiently accounts for this, while the contrary does not, by any means, excuse the ignorance of Catholics, especially among the educated classes. Let these then take up this little book; much time is not required, perhaps not more than an hour or two, in gaining a rich store of liturgical knowledge, resulting from its perusal.

FLEURANGE: a Novel. Translated from the French of Madame Augustus Craven. By M. P. T. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Received from Eugene Cummiskey.

In accordance with our anticipations, expressed in the last number of the *Record*, the Catholic Publication Society has given us, in a beautiful octavo volume, the above-named novel, which has already won for itself, in the pages of the *Catholic World*, a reputation second to none of the authoress's work, not excepting *A Sister's Story*, which has hitherto been considered her masterpiece. In fact we know of no recent work of fiction which has been more generally or more favorably commented upon, by lovers of elegant and refined literature, than *Fleurange*. We never take up one of Madame Craven's books without fancying ourselves carried back amid the elegant *litterati* of the *salons* of the old Régime. Alas! that France, *La Belle*, should be able to boast, in our day, so few descendants of such noble ancestry as the *Ancienne Noblesse* of Versailles, Marley, Trianon, and St. Germain. But if the Maintenons, the Chantals, the De Staels, and the Swetchines, are no more, they at least have no unworthy representative in Madame Craven. Their almost magnetic knowledge of the human heart, their power of analyzing its tenderest emotions, with a rare delicacy of research and exquisite beauty of diction, their wonderful appreciation of the practicability of poetry to reduce beneath the gentle sway of religion, that heart when its chords have been wrenched by the rude hands of life's passions and sorrows, all this rich legacy of gifts is Madame Craven's, and she in turn distributes them with a bounteous hand through all her works, but nowhere more liberally than in *Fleurange*, a prose-poem redolent with the balm of passion-flowers pressed between its pages.

